

# THE LITERARY GAZETTE;

AND

## Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1245.

LONDON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1840.

PRICE 8d.  
Stamped Edition, 9d.

### REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Journey from La Trappe to Rome.* By the Rev. Father Baron Geramb, Abbot and Procurator-General of La Trappe. 12mo. pp. 267. 1840. London: Dolman. Liverpool: Booker and Co.

THE famous Baron Geramb dead! no such thing! Though announced in the foreign journals, and copied into those of England, our own among the rest, it was only that sort of death which attends opera-dancers and singers abroad after their having been engaged, and previous to their appearance, for the ensuing season at Her Majesty's Theatre in the Haymarket. So far from being defunct, we now feel perfect assurance that he went to Rome in 1837, stayed there a few months, and was in 1838, by a bull of the Pope, made Abbot and Procurator-General of La Trappe, which would require his residence in that busy capital, instead of the seclusion and austerities of the convent. But, indeed, it does not seem that, in his case, our ideas of the rigid discipline and mortifications of La Trappe were realised; for we had his journey to Jerusalem, and travels to, in, and from the Holy Land, to amuse us by way of interlude; and now we have his Roman tour—an equally worldlike, and far from cenobitical, production. As with regard to the pious abbot's death, it is antedated, being published by Mr. Dolman in 1841,—a miracle of "the trade," however, by no means confined to the Romish branches of it.

Having resumed a living interest, our author, in his preface, shews himself very anxious to make a book at least as entertaining as his Eastern narrative; and complains of the difficulty of doing so with a subject so hackneyed as Rome; and his *pis aller* is that "profoundly afflicted at the outrages offered to Jesus Christ in the person of his vicar, he has proposed to embody in these letters some observations on the court of Rome, the spirit of the church, and the character of the Italians." The church is to be pitied in such a champion, in whom the competency of weak enthusiasm and excessive vanity is manifested to a degree almost beyond parallel: inasmuch that we should wonder how the Baron could be tolerated, and still more at his being caressed and elevated, except that we found in one of his pages that he laments the "embarrassment of his riches;" and, when a person is so afflicted, we are aware that he is thereby rendered tolerably acceptable to a religious, or any other community, whatever his character may happen to be in indifferent respects. No doubt this embarrassment made the Trappist a traveller; the monk, a man of the world; the lowly hermit, an Abbot and Procurator-General. In secular life it would produce as extraordinary effects,—convert numskulls into sages, jobbers into legislators, and vulgar nuisances into the ornaments of high and courtly circles. Therefore this is another miracle not exclusively Romish.

But come we to the volume. It opens with a translator's preface, in which that literary functionary, with due humility, confesses his manifold faults, and proclaims that he had executed his work from the same benevolent and holy motives which influenced his principal—

*Arcades ambo.* The first letter is profanely, and *ad captandum*, headed "GOD ALONE," and gives an account of M. Geramb's departure from Lyons, on his return from Jerusalem, and arrival at the Monastery of La Trappe! Passing this offence against propriety, in luging in the name of the Almighty as a claptrap to catch the eye of a reader, we have the Baron's somewhat dubious details of his arrival at Mount Olivet, his sensations, and adventures:—

"How sweet it is (says he), on returning from a long pilgrimage, after so many incidents and dangers, to find oneself again in the calm, the silence, and even the monotony, of La Trappe! I need not describe what I felt when, from Reiningen, I discovered the walls of this holy monastery, where I had suffered so much, and had been so happy."

"Some time before, a distressing event spread terror in the two monasteries of Mount Olivet. I say the two houses, for not far from our house is another, belonging to nuns of the same order. On Sunday, the 13th of November, while both communities were singing vespers in their respective churches, a violent fire broke out in the convent. We ran to the scene of conflagration; but, notwithstanding our efforts—notwithstanding the exertions of the inhabitants of Reiningen and the environs, who flew to our relief, in the space of two hours the destructive element consumed the barn, the harvest which had been gathered in it, and the stables. The flames, rising to the clouds, spread dismay far around, and, aided by the wind, enveloped the two monasteries, and menaced them with destruction. Judge what must have been the situation of the nuns. The confused voices of those who gave the aid of their assistance—the tolling of the bell—the action of the engines—the hissing of the water which overwhelmed the flames—the crash of the burning beams which fell—the falling of the walls—in a word, the tumult inseparable from such circumstances, filled with terror those spouses of Jesus Christ—those timid doves, habituated to the silence of the sanctuary, which is rarely disturbed by any other sound than that of the aspirations which hourly ascend from their innocent hearts. There was but one gate by which they could escape; it was the principal entrance, a door which was only opened to receive those who came to dedicate themselves to penance, or to admit the minister of God when he came to administer the last sacraments to the dying, or commit their remains to the earth. The flames, however, precluded approach to this gate; and there was reason to apprehend that the progress of the destructive element would prove fatal to these poor creatures, many of whom, being old and sickly, could only employ sighs and prayers for their delivery. These prayers were heard; the wind lost its strength, the fire its activity; the conflagration was gradually subdued, and finally extinguished. One choir-sister, however, soon after fell a victim to the consequences of its destructive influence."

As many of those "timid doves" were "old and sickly," the only casualty recorded is not surprising; and, with such effectual prayers to still the wind and put out the fire, there is

reason to be thankful that nothing worse happened either to the monks or nuns, who, like Pyramus and Thisbe, *habuit contiguere domus*.—"lived in contiguous houses."

The attractions of La Trappe, with all its charming "monotony," however, appear not to have detained the erratic Baron long; for in a few months he left for Paris. But before we accompany him we may as well copy his description of the "calm, silence, and even the monotony," from which he tore himself away. It is thus sweetly and deliciously pictured:—

"By a particular disposition of Providence, who, doubtless, wished to increase my difficulties and my merits, the cell which I occupied in the intervals between the various duties of the house was exposed to all the noise that was heard in the community. At my right, was the brother-shoemaker, whose hammer seemed his most favourite tool; on my left, the carpenter's saw was always in operation; and above me was the Abbot's cell, which seemed never vacant. Add to this two mastiff dogs, who never ceased to bark, and you will have an idea of my situation and sufferings. Do not, however, be scandalised. I do not complain. I only ask of God to give me patience, as I know that these light and transient inconveniences may obtain for me a great degree of glory."

Not desiring, as it should seem, a very immediate accession to this supreme glory, M. Geramb set out on his errand to Rome, which ended in the different sort of earthly elevation we have mentioned; and he took Switzerland on his route, apparently with personally beneficial consequences, for he tells us:—

"I was so reduced at the time of my departure, that those who had not seen me for a year could scarcely recognise me; but when I arrived in that country—when I had inhaled the perfume of the salubrious herbage with which it abounds, I began to revive. My health was soon re-established. I contented myself at first with a walk in the verdant valleys, where the shepherds and their flocks afforded me matter for amusement and reflection; but soon, becoming more invigorated, I passed lakes, climbed up mountains, traversed different localities, and approached the elevated cascade, the snow-capped rock, and the eternal glacier."

And he must have got fatter and fatter every day, since within less than ten months after we find him such a weighty porpoise as to be quite the laughing-stock of a young Italian artist, who had been sent for to paint his being tumbled off his mule without being killed, as a miracle to be preserved in the church of the monastery of *Sacro Speco*. When he fell in his white La Trappe uniform, "the labourers (he states), who had not lost sight of us, ran up eagerly. 'Miracle! Miracle!' they all cried out: 'Oh! father, you owe your life to St. Benedict.' I admired the faith of these poor people. I thanked them for the interest they had manifested for me, and tranquilly resumed my route."

He continues, afterwards, with the sequel:—"In my providential escape, the religious of

\* *Contigua habuere domos*, as Ovid has it.

Sacro Speco recognised the hand of God, and thought of erecting some memorial of the event in the place where my life was so seriously endangered. There was an artist at Subiaco, whom they thought capable of carrying their design into execution. They sent for him; he came without waiting for a second invitation. When his arrival was announced I was in my room with some of the monks. The door was opened, and in came a man, who, by his appearance and manners, resembled one of those brigands of Calabria that painters delight in sketching. We told him what we wanted, and had agreed on the price, when one of the fathers repeated what had befallen me, and dwelt with especial emphasis on my miraculous preservation. 'I do not,' said our new friend, with a solemn tone, 'I do not see any miracle in the matter. The mule was heavy, and he, pointing me out with his finger, 'was still heavier than the mule. It could not have happened otherwise.' We could not suppress the laugh this drollery excited. I laughed more heartily than the rest. I was, however, a little annoyed at my *embonpoint*, which had procured for me the advantage of the comparison."

Nevertheless, and in spite of the artist's joke, "the memorial was put up. It is a column, surmounted by a cross. On the pedestal the religious have caused the words of the Psalmist to be inscribed: 'In manibus portabunt te.'—In their hands they shall bear thee up.' And there can be no question but that, in 500 years or less, the preservation of Baron Geramb on a mule with a broken leg, which he afterwards rode to the monastery, will be cited as a miracle to man and beast, as extraordinary as many others of the same most wonderful description.

Truly, for ourselves and our present opinion, we think the Baron as much *Baron Humburg* as ever, and not at all worthy of being canonised, though he has been Abbotised and Procurator-Generalised. And in the interim we should like to be informed, if all the votaries of La Trappe, embarrassed with riches or otherwise, are allowed to tramp over the wide world and tell lies? Getting on, we learn that while at Paris, the Baron visited Vincennes, where he was confined by Buonaparte for two years (1812); and he speaks feelingly of his emotions on re-viewing his "dungeon," which was up three pairs of stairs! (Pages 16 and 21.) Be it remarked that, though a *resurrectionary*, the Baron never was an *insurrectionary*, character: on the contrary, he is royalist and loyalist to the back-bone, so nearly broken by the confounded Italian mule: and he finely recalls to mind his early exploits:—

"I was arrested (he informs us) on my return from England in 1812, at Husum, a seaport of Denmark, more than 600 miles from France. I was brought first to Hamburg, and thence to Paris, and was cast into the dungeon of Vincennes. I will say nothing of the injustice of such an arrest. Being a subject of the Emperor of Austria, and having no relation to France, I have yet to learn what could have justified this manifest violation of the rights of nations. It is true, I had always declared myself against Buonaparte; and, when he was approaching Vienna in 1807, I issued a proclamation, in which the youth of the city were called on to fight under the banner of a regiment called, from the late Empress, Maria Theresa. This address was not couched in insulting language—it concluded thus: 'To meet the enemy, I tear myself from a beloved wife and six small children; but I was a citizen before I became a husband or a father.'—I

had also served against him in Spain; in all this I only did my duty. At Hamburg I was deprived of my *valet de chambre*, and escorted afterwards by *gens d'arms*, at my own expense! I had two of them in my carriage and one on the box."

We hope "here he truths," as Froth says of his dish of stewed prunes, of the value of some threepence; and only to think of the *gen d'arme* on the box before as a substitute for the *valet de chambre* in the rumble behind! What are the austerities of La Trappe to compare with such suffering as that! But, indeed, the poor Baron has been through his entire career an involuntary or voluntary martyr (we remember him and his whiskers in London, when attorneys' clerks and drapers' apprentices did not venture to wear these military and fierce appendages). On his journey from Paris to Rome, he thus lets us in to other miseries which he was doomed to endure:—

"Marseilles, 13th of December, 1837.

"It would be impossible for me to describe what I have to suffer, when preparing to leave a city in which I have for a while resided; I have to undergo the torture of packing up my trunks. This is to me inexpressibly perplexing; and you would smile and sympathise with me, were you to witness my embarrassment. With five or six trunks, valises, &c., before me, I go from one to another, not knowing where to begin: I open them and look at the objects they are to contain, and which lie scattered round my room in admirable disorder. At this sight, as I stoop with difficulty, I become uneasy, and let an occasional sigh escape. Still, I make a beginning. I mislay several things, and then, losing courage, go and sit down at some distance from the causes of my vexation, on which I close my eyes."

And it is here that he alludes to the melancholy cause in these pathetic words:—

"Must I, then, continue to experience the embarrassments of wealth? Why should a Trappist monk have so much baggage? Is this the poverty of those who have left all to follow Jesus Christ? When I propose these questions to myself, a thousand weak reasons occur to me, to shew that I have not any thing superfluous, and that I could not leave a single article behind. Moreover, this time I had my monastic dress with me."

Oh, wretchedness intolerable! griefs unutterable! What a moral is to be drawn from such human miseries: almost as touching as one from a tomb at Lyons, with a sculptured skeleton and an epitaph, which the Baron extracts:—

"I was once of all women the flower, the belle;  
I am now what thou see'st me in this lone cell.  
White as snow was my skin, and fresh and tender;  
It is long since dry and dark as a cinder."

Let all pretty ladies take warning from this; and,—

"'Lady, fair lady, bright lips hailed me then,  
'Twill be long ere they speak of my beauty again.'"

And much more to the same purpose, for which see page 55, *passim*.

Once at Rome, after all his troubles, our Baron-monk-abbot takes the character of a great theologian and amusing traveller. Looking forward to his own probable erection into a right worshipful saint, he asserts that no one can ever reach that honour without conclusive proof of their having wrought miracles being laid before the Congregation of Rites; and he informs us:—

"It watches over the tradition of the church; regulates its feasts, and determines its ceremonies throughout the wide extent of Christendom. It is in this congregation that the pope

declares, that one, whose life has been distinguished by the practice of heroic virtues, and whose sanctity has been attested by some miracles, is worthy to be canonised; that is, solemly enrolled among the saints whom we may honour. Protestants amuse themselves by turning the canonisation of saints into ridicule; but few, if any of them, have ever heard of the long and rigorous examinations which always precede so solemn and important an action. This tribunal has its judges, its officers, and notary; it employs interpreters when there is question of acts written in foreign languages. When circumstances require it, it profits by the counsels of physicians, natural philosophers, and mathematicians. The maxim on which it proceeds is, that the facts must be proved with the same certainty as if there were question of condemning a person accused of crimes. Suspicious or inconclusive evidence, such as would not justify the judge in pronouncing sentence of death against a person accused of a capital crime, is rejected by this tribunal. The author of the 'Life of St. Francis Regis,' relates on this subject the following anecdote, which he heard from a person of undoubted authority:— 'An English gentleman in Rome was expressing his preconceived notions on the subject to a Roman prelate, when the latter gave him a process, containing the proofs of several miracles, to read. The Protestant read them with attention, and returning them, said, 'This is an unexceptionable manner of proving miracles. If all those which the Roman Church receives were sustained by proofs equally satisfactory, we could not reasonably object to them, and would cease to make your miracles the subject of our raileries.' 'Well,' said the prelate, 'you must know that of all the miracles which appear to you so well proved, not one has been admitted by the Congregation of Rites, because not sustained by sufficient proof.' The Protestant, astonished at this reply, acknowledged that nothing but a blind prejudice could question the certainty of facts, ascertained by such a scrutiny, and confessed that he never imagined that the Church of Rome went so far in the examination of miraculous events.' Modern Protestants have not the same frankness; besides this, when holiness is rare, we are less disposed to believe in, and acknowledge, its existence."

Thus are all miracles indubitably substantiated; and as Lord Peter says, in the "Tale of a Tub," "If any one doubts after this, let him doubt and be d—d." Let us select another lovely and pastoral piece of Romish ceremonial, so naturally and appropriately described by the Switzerland-revived Baron:—

"There is another ceremony which I have seen with pleasure, and which is indeed interesting and appropriate. The first year of their pontificate, and every seven years, the popes, in the octave of Easter, bless a certain number of medals marked with the image of a lamb,—a symbol of the sweetness and patience of Jesus Christ. Neither gold nor silver enter into the composition of these medals; they are made of what remains of the pascal candle of the preceding year. On Easter Tuesday, the pope mixes some holy water, balm, and chrism, in which he dips them. From this odoriferous immersion they take the name of *Agnus Dei*. On Holy Saturday, a sub-deacon, preceded by the cross, presents himself at the gate of the chapel where mass is being celebrated, and holding a basin full of these medals, he intones, in a loud voice, the following words: 'Holy Father, here are the lambs which announced the resurrection to you, the messengers who

brought tidings of victory; they now come to the fountain, they are shining with brightness.' The choir answers, 'Alleluia, praise to God, alleluia.' He then advances to the throne, and the pope taking these medals, distributes them to the dignitaries of the chapel. Urban V., in sending three of them to the Greek emperor, John Paleologus, thus enumerates the graces attached to the gift:—'They bring down,' says he, 'the blessings of heaven on those who carry them, and who honour them by the sanctity of their lives—they preserve from fire and shipwreck, and are a pledge of peace and tranquillity.' There is another memorial of youth, the day of St. Agnes, virgin and martyr. How this name pleases me! I find it so sweet; it has a bloom of innocence, an odour of strength, an indescribable charm which is of heavenly origin. When I hear it pronounced, I have the idea of whatever is most amiable in a timorous sex, and whatever is most admirable in the courage of a hero. On the day on which the church celebrates the festival of St. Agnes, the pope blesses two lambs of whose wool the *pallium* is woven. This ornament, which appertains of right to the sovereign pontiffs, has been communicated by them to patriarchs, to archbishops, and some privileged bishops. The lambs are brought from the church of St. Agnes, where they have been first blessed, to the pope, who imparts to them a second benediction. They are then confided to the care of a monastery of nuns, who undertake to feed them. One of my wishes would be, to see these favoured animals browsing in a field that was never trodden by a profane foot; what pleasure would I feel in caressing them! Nothing more innocent, nothing more pure, but nothing more difficult, to witness. These little guests partake of the inclosure of their chaste hostesses, whom an impenetrable barrier secludes from the public eye. On the vigil of St. Peter, the *pallia* are laid on the tomb of the apostles; the following day they are placed among the relics, where they remain until the dean of the cardinal-deacons sends them to the candidates, who have first formally to apply for them."

All the Agnenses in Europe should enter into a subscription to present the abbot with a magnificent golden set of tea-service for this passage, all chased and surmounted with little lambkins and *Palli-as-es*.

The accounts of the religious institutions and charities at Rome are, with all the follies and cant of this book, interesting, and in most instances more particular and ample than we have seen them any where else. We select one as a popular specimen, but they are all well-deserving of being read:—

"Among the pious institutions which adorn the capital of the Christian world, and display in all its brilliancy that charity which is the distinctive mark of catholicity, there is one specially consecrated to assist those condemned to undergo the last sentence of the law. It is called 'The Arch-Confraternity of the Decolation of St. John the Baptist.' It is composed of pious men, both lay and ecclesiastic. The popes have endowed it with privileges and indulgences, in consideration of the service it renders to the unhappy criminals. On the eve of the day of execution, the confraternity give notices by placards, put up in different quarters of the city, that the blessed sacrament will be exposed in their church, and invite the faithful to come and implore a happy death for the convict. The same notice is given in all the monasteries, and the same invitation published. Afterwards, they go through the city, dressed in their distinctive habit, which resembles a

sack thrown over them, and collect alms for the purpose of getting masses said for the repose of the criminal. The civil authorities give regular notice to the confraternity, when and where the execution is to take place. As soon as the proper officer of the confraternity receives this notice, he invites four or five of his brethren, of whom one must be a priest, to meet in the evening in the church of St. John, and thence to accompany him to the prison. Having recited some prayers before the altar to implore Divine assistance, they proceed two by two to the prison, where they are received by the officers of government. They immediately repair to a small chapel in it, called *Conforteria*, where they put on their black habit and rough girdle. In an adjoining room the *proceditore* assigns to each the office he is to discharge. Two are called assistants; they have care of the spiritual wants of the condemned: one is to act as sacristan; and the fourth is to write exact minutes of all that passes, from the moment the culprit hears the order for his execution until it is carried into effect. These minutes are subsequently registered; and the archives of the confraternity, which reach back to an ancient period, contain much interesting and instructive reading. At midnight the gaolers visit the condemned, tie his hands, and make him ascend a private staircase, which leads to the *Conforteria*. At the top of this staircase is a room, where the notary of the government intimates to him the sentence of death. When this is done, the brothers present themselves to him, embrace him, and holding before his view an image of Jesus crucified, and of the Mother of Sorrows, endeavour to diminish the bitterness of his feeling by every motive which religion suggests. This is ordinarily a terrific moment. The criminal is generally more affected by the sentence which he has heard than by the consolations which are offered to him. When his violent feelings subside, they then commence to prepare him for a good confession, by suggesting salutary reflections. They interrogate him on the principal articles of religion, to see if he be sufficiently instructed; but they are careful not to fatigue him by too lengthy instructions, as experience shews that such conduct only irritates and disgusts those who require to be instructed and consoled. They leave him for a time to himself. An interior voice then speaks to his heart, and repentance procures for him the grace of reconciliation. When the condemned has finished his confession, he makes his will if he wishes, and declares in the same act that he dies in the Catholic church; that he pardons all who have injured him, and that he wishes to repair the evil he may have done his neighbour. In the meantime the brothers recite in the chapel certain prayers, to obtain God's mercy for the unhappy convict. They communicate at one of the masses, which is said very early in the chapel on the day of execution, and the convict himself is permitted to receive, by way of viaticum, at one of those masses. In proportion as the fatal hour approaches, and the convict manifests dejection, and prostration of his physical powers, the charitable exertions of the pious brotherhood are also multiplied. The litany of the saints is recited; the stations of the cross are made; and, at the moment of departure, the papal benediction is imparted to the unfortunate victim of the laws. He is also blessed with a relic of the wood of the cross. In the meantime, the remaining portion of the confraternity, having heard mass in their church, come in procession to accompany him to the

place of execution. Before them is carried, between two yellow torches, an image of Jesus crucified, covered at the extremity with black cloth. On descending the steps of the prison, the condemned finds an image of the blessed Virgin, before which he kneels to pray. The assisting priest exhorts him to put his confidence in this Mother of Mercy. At the bottom of the steps he finds the before-mentioned image of Jesus crucified. The priest points out to him the Saviour's wounds, and recalls to his mind the infinite value of that blood, which was shed for the redemption of man. It is but seldom that the condemned is unaffected by this preparation. Should he, however, prove obdurate, the efforts of the brothers and of the assisting priests are redoubled. They cast themselves at his feet, and implore him to have pity on his soul. Should all prove ineffectual, they endeavour to obtain a respite of some hours from the government. In the meantime, public and private prayers are offered up; other ecclesiastics, distinguished for their learning and piety, are called in, that they may endeavour to overcome his obstinacy. God generally blesses these efforts of truly Christian zeal. The culprit, whose obduracy seemed invincible, and struck horror into the hearts of the assistants, edifies them by giving all the marks of true contrition. Let us follow the unhappy man. The hour is come. He gets into a cart, and proceeds to execution, with his back turned to the place where he is to die. Alas! in this we all—the virtuous no less than the vicious—resemble him. We turn away our eyes from the death which awaits us; the thought of death affrights us; and we are hurried to the grave before we permit ourselves to reflect on it. Two of the brotherhood accompany him in the cart, and while one presents to him a picture representing Jesus and Mary, the other seeks to keep alive the sentiments of piety with which he ought to regard them. Thus his attention is turned away from the sight of the populace, which is but too eager to witness these sad spectacles. The cart stops; the criminal is introduced into a hall hung in black, and lit only by a dim lamp: a crucifix is placed there; he embraces it; confesses again; receives absolution; while he repeats some ejaculatory prayers, among which are acts of faith, hope, and charity, the executioner binds his hands, leads him to the fatal spot, lets drop the iron, and satisfies human justice."

We have gone so much into the work that we cannot touch upon the Baron's panegyrics upon the pope, the cardinals, and all downwards, belonging to the Church of Rome; nor even in his defence of the Virgin Mary, except, perhaps, a mite of the latter, of whose worship he says:—

"We only lay before her our necessities, and invoke her protection, because we know that she will not reject the unfortunate who implore her aid, and that she is the canal by which the most abundant graces are communicated to men."\*

\* And reason good—we revert to Lyons, where the Baron writes: "It is particularly on the feast of the Virgin, and on Saturday, which is consecrated to her veneration, that you will be edified by the pilgrimage of Fourvières. What a concourse! In this ascending and tortuous road faith sustains and fortifies the women, the children, and the old men; love is in their hearts, and hope in their looks. Enter the chapel, if the dense crowd permit you, what sentiments will you experience! What impression will not be made on you by the multitudes engaged in prayer, the flambeaux which burn before the altar, and the numerous voice offerings which cover the walls,—pictures, indeed, which the artist would not always admire, but which nevertheless attest the goodness and protection of Mary, and the gratitude of her votaries! This chapel is truly worthy of the Queen of Heaven! there she is pleased to be invoked, and there she is never



A miraculous intervention is thus related, which as Dominie Samson would exclaim is "prodigious!"—

"There is in the sacred college a cardinal (Cardinal Mezzofanti) known to all Europe, who unites with a sublime piety the gift of tongues, of which he speaks about forty, with a facility and correctness that astonishes those who hear him. One day, speaking on this subject to a holy prelate, intimately connected with the cardinal, I observed, that nothing of the kind had been seen since the day of Pentecost. He answered, that it was an evident gift with which God had rewarded his zeal. When a simple priest, he dedicated himself to the service of the sick in the hospitals, where he passed his days and nights in administering the consolations of religion to the sick. He was afflicted at not being able to understand the foreign soldiers who were brought there, or to make himself understood by them: and he resolved to apply to the study of languages, imploring God with tears to facilitate their acquisition for him. The God of charity heard his prayer, and rewarding his noble and pure design, communicated to him the talent which makes him the most extraordinary man of his age."

And with this we would conclude, only that we wish to end in perfect love and charity with the Baron, and therefore cannot finish without sincerely wishing him a hearty and daily participation of an exercise which he praises highly, and expresses an ardent desire to partake of. May he enjoy it largely and fully, and continually among his new companions, were it only to put him in mind of what he has lost by quitting La Trappe. It is thus described, in his visit to the Roman College directed by the Jesuits at Rome:—

"I expected that the exercises would terminate by benediction of the holy sacrament, and that the congregation which consisted entirely of men could then retire in peace; but suddenly, and as if it were by enchantment, the lights were put out, and all remained in darkness. What, thought I to myself, what can this be a prelude to? Presently I heard the rattling of keys, and the door close with a crash. This, thought I, is quite an adventure; what can they be about? I listen to every sound. For three or four minutes, all was as silent as the grave. At length I hear these solemn words, pronounced by a voice which was admirably suited to the occasion: 'Christ has died for us: he has expiated our iniquities. After the example of St. Paul, let us accomplish, by the mortification of the flesh, what is wanting of his passion. Let us offer our bodies in sacrifice, and obtain not only the pardon of our sins, but the delivery of the most destitute soul in purgatory.' At once, some voices began to chant the *Miserere*, which was accompanied by a shower of lashes, of disciplines, and other penitential instruments! What a moment for me! What was my surprise! As a Trappist monk, I was not afraid of the discipline, and yet I could not overcome a certain feeling of horror; for the holy austerities of my convent had never

invoked in vain. Twice did the cholera approach Lyons. The inhabitants redoubled their fervour; they multiplied their offerings; and during nine days the venerable prelate, who is charged with the administration of this diocese, notwithstanding his great age and infirmities, visited this chapel with a portion of his clergy, to offer himself a victim for his flock. These prayers were not disregarded. Mary presented them at the throne of her Eternal Son, and the exterminating angel turned aside from this favoured city. An inscription placed over the principal entrance perpetuates the recollection of the danger; and the Lyonsese cease not turn their eyes towards that hill whence they derived assistance."

produced so profound an impression on my soul. It would be impossible for me to describe to you my feelings or my thoughts at that time, the reproaches I made myself, or the resolutions I took. This penitential act lasted while the *Miserere* was being slowly and seriously sung; it even went beyond that, for the fervor of the penitents was not satisfied until the bell rang three times; the first and second sound not having been heard, or, at least, heeded."

*Elphinstone*. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

A DIRECT attempt to follow in the footsteps of Fielding, and revive the characteristics of "Tom Jones" after a pretty long generation of works of fiction, running almost entirely in new channels and different directions, is so bold a measure, that we must devote a few remarks to the appearance of *Elphinstone*. Within the memory of the present race of readers, with, perhaps, an approximating exception in some of the productions of Holcroft, Godwin, and one or two others, these publications may be chiefly classed under the heads of wild and descriptive romance; tales of personal notoriety and fashionable society; the historical and the philosophical novel; the moral and religious inculcator; the painting of foreign customs and manners; and, occasionally, the like attention to home; but in a limited degree, and more applicable to particular sets and circumstances, than to generalisation and broad views of the subject, founded on a study of the nature of man, and the probable effects produced under all the aspects of our existing habits, feelings, and social system. Our author, on the contrary, makes his hero the vehicle of a dozen of sketches of the active community of England, the clergy, medical profession, lawyers, shopkeepers, merchants, gamblers, and blacklegs, &c. &c.; with many incidental touches referring to other classes. He has also imitated Fielding more closely in writing introductory chapters, or essays, to each of his twelve books; and discussing in them topics of the day, in some measure connected with his story, and the opinions and speculations which it develops. In all these parts there is very considerable talent displayed; and we could only have wished that as much discretion had been evinced in the choice of some of the subjects as there is sense and judgment in the remarks on other writers of fiction. It is astonishing that one who could so clearly apprehend, and so cleverly and satirically point out, the faults of others, should be so blind to his own error in this respect. His very apology for it ought to have convinced him that he was wrong. We will adduce its strongest reasoning:—

"About a century back lived a man with a fancy totally depraved, an imagination fitted rather to grovel than to soar, and a disordered brain, yet gifted with the most brilliant and eloquent language that ever conveyed human thought. This man passed a long life without acquiring a particle of common sense, or being suspected of a single virtue. Hating the world, his fellow-men, and all the virtues of social life, he gave to the world, for its destruction, a book which sunk not into contempt until it had accomplished some of its author's intentions, and is not yet totally forgotten. He gave the world a series of domestic scenes, in which every actor is elaborately wicked and conscientiously infamous; and by a showy sophistry made the most loathsome domestic vice lead to, and end in, moral happiness, which might possibly be true if man had no con-

science; but he also made it result in domestic comfort, which never could be true, unless men were without either senses, tastes, or passions. This man was Rousseau, and the work 'La Nouvelle Héloïse,' a work which, thrown up in the moral convulsion that preceded a social chaos, obtained for itself what all new theories then do, the examination of the world; but being found to war against human nature, to sicken every powerful mind, and disgust every delicate heart, its eloquence and sophistry could not retain it in the hands of men, but it rapidly sank into the smuggled instrument for debauching the minds of precocious children at boarding-schools. The German imagination, as though a nightmare lay upon it to conjure up the most loathsome images for its unnatural love, seized the principle so well worked out by Rousseau, and improved on the original; for as the honest Germans had learned the great picturesqueness and beauty of that rottenness of heart which had always been considered utterly destructive of domestic peace and social existence, they went so far as to appeal to our sympathies on behalf of those horrible crimes which no decent lips dare to name. Considering that what mankind is already convinced of must be unworthy of further discussion, they turned round and combated all the principles inherent in the very nature of man. The amiability of virtue, the beauty of the struggle against temptation! 'Pshaw!' they said, 'sixty centuries have been engaged in teaching that; we will be original and shew the beauty of vice, and the charming struggles of a person against those old superstitions, until he settles down comfortably in infamy.' Such was the language of German imagination; and acting on it, adultery, murder, and incest, became most interesting and engaging events, and the men and women delightful heroes and heroines, who made such compromises and engagements as to commit them without danger from the laws. Then came the French, riotous from the disorders of a bloody revolution. With an intense hatred of every thing belonging to the system they had destroyed, they strove to root out of the national mind every virtue as well as vice that belonged to it. The magnificent propriety of their ancient literature, reflecting, as it did, the stately politeness of public manners, became utterly hateful to them; and to be the very reverse of the great lights of the monarchy was a legitimate title to national applause. Something unbearable then must be adored now. The violet must be plucked from the button-hole to make way for a fungus. The historical drama, the polite novel, both chaster than human life, simpler than Greek tragedy, but colder than Greek statuary, became, with other objects of external decency, objects of suspicion and disgust; and instead of infusing into those beautiful forms a little of the warmth of a heartier humanity, they rushed to the extreme of heating them to the earth, and worshipping the only literature which formed a complete contrast to it. Then moral impossibilities, physical monstrosities, conflicting sentiments which never existed in the same breast, and situations in which no man ever could be placed, became the staple of the French imaginative literature,—a literature which has corrupted the present generation, but happily will not reach the next. English writers, following close in originality their Continental guides, finding the charms of virtue long exhausted, and the graces of the more horrible and tremendous vices occupied by their neighbours, and daring not to introduce them before a nation which would not endure a loathsome literature, leave untouched the

rich archives of British virtue, and explore the pages of the *Newgate Calendar*, whence they extract the meanest and most contemptible wickedness of our criminals; and the liar, the traitor, the pickpocket, are pictured with the tenderness of love, the buoyancy of adventure, or the brilliancy of generosity: and thus we are taught to contemn the attributes of virtue when we see them not incompatible with the vices that we view with loathing, or crimes that we punish with death.

I am not strait-laced—I can enjoy *Boccaccio* and *Rabelais*, and luxuriate in the vigorous license of a youthful literature. I believe that for every edition of a *Bowdlerised Shakspeare* the world will see a thousand editions of its own *Shakspeare*. I know of no book from which I would expunge the 'objectionable parts.' I know not even a single criminal which the pen of genius might not bring within the reach of human sympathy, by dwelling, not on his vices, but on those qualities which he possesses in common with all mankind. But I know there are vices and crimes which genius alone can touch without infamy. There are vices which, if a writer dare to invest with the graces of sentiment, with the heroism of adventure, or the picturesqueness of romance, he gives the world a proof that he is not worthy of being a member of it, and the reputation he acquires for his memory is the very reverse of that of a benefactor to his fellow-men.

"This much I have said, as an explanation of, or an apology for, some scenes introduced in the last and present books. It is not my intention to give this work a shocking interest by startling pictures of horrid vice, or by a sentimental gloss on moral deformity. The vice portrayed here is not meant to be attractive; and if any person who is a participator in it interests the feelings of the reader, it will be in spite of, and not on account of, actions which ought to be detested. In other words, the sympathy awakened is for those sentiments which the purest minds cannot help sympathising with, whether they arise in the mind of the pure or of the depraved."

But will these arguments excuse the minute details of seduction, the annals of daily and nightly life in bagnios, and exact descriptions of the orgies of low *roués*? We can assure the author they will not. There is a guilty knowledge and contamination in the bare glance at such abominations; and no moral can be affixed to them one hundredth part so valuable as ignorance of their existence. Their presence is a great blot upon an otherwise very able production; and if, as we believe, from a not very mature hand, a production which may be the forerunner of works of unquestionable excellence. Let us take a single sketch of one of the classes treated of, as a specimen—"The Doctor:"—

"Some historians assume so much knowledge to be possessed by their readers, that what they tell us is nearly incomprehensible. For my own part, I do not see what a writer has to do with the reader's knowledge; and he ought to consider is, how he may shew off his own as much as possible: for even if the reader already knows what the writer tells him, it gives him pleasure to see it in print, as it makes him flatter himself with the belief that he is as knowing a person as the writer. For such of my readers, therefore, as have been so fortunate as to be unacquainted with doctors, I will give a description of the genus before I introduce the individual. A doctor—that is, a medical man—is a person who lives by ministering to the self-love of sick persons.

Other industrious individuals live by furnishing the public with articles of necessity or luxury—articles which may be appealed to as of value: but 'the doctor' furnishes that which is not only of no value, but that which the receiver is ashamed to remember, and cannot return. The doctor is employed for two purposes which are despised as soon as fulfilled—one is to listen to the interminable complaints of egotism; the other to say that a sick person will possibly recover. Thus the doctor is employed to gratify two forms of self-love, and as that passion is continually shifting into a thousand different forms, so the gratitude for one gratification is instantly merged in the necessity for fresh gratifications. As all persons like flattery, he is the person with whom a debt is most readily contracted; and as nobody likes to pay for past flattery, he is the person most unwillingly paid. He is the man whose skill no one trusts, yet the very man whom every one is happy to employ, for the reason that he is supposed to be the only unprejudiced person, as he is the only person indifferent as to the fate of the patient. Suppose, for instance, a poor fellow to be taken poorly, he hires the doctor to say, he hopes he will get well. The man, to be sure, might have the same words said to him by his wife, but what guarantee could he have that they were in earnest unless, perhaps, he happened to have been married within the last month! A rich old man is sick, he would rather trust the doctor's hopes than those of his heir. An old maid from her *protégée*, a peer from the heir to his title, all fly to the doctor. A dead patient puts no money in the doctor's purse, and hence the fancied security for the earnestness of his hopes. No man, of course, retains so much infantine simplicity as to suppose that the draught, mixtures, &c. named in a doctor's bill, are the things really paid for;—that they are not is proved by the fact that nobody would think of swallowing them; they are really like *John Doe* and *Richard Roe*—fictions invented by the politeness of the law as an inoffensive cover for things which would be disagreeable in a too literal description. Imagine a bill consisting of such items as listening for half an hour to Mr. S's complaints. Ditto—a very dull statement. Walking to his house to tell him that his disorder was of an uncertain nature. Assuring him that he would get better soon. Telling the widow that she had done all in her power for the dear deceased. Hinting to her that her charms would assure her a choice of lovers, &c. Surely it is better to pay for draughts than to have such items as these in a bill.

\* Così all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi  
Di soavi licor gli orli del vaso:  
Succi amari, ingannato, intanto ei beve;  
E dall' inganno suo vita riceve."

Substitute *morte* for *vita*, and the verse will be as good, and the description complete. To be sure 'the doctor' has one important duty to perform, and that is in the coroner's court. If a man happens to have a knife through his heart or a bullet through his brains, the doctor is called to give evidence. He shews that he has examined the liver, and found a slight inflammation, but is ready to swear that, to the best of his knowledge, he believes the knife or bullet would, after all, be most likely to cause the death; and after he has given the twelve plain honest men unintelligible and unpronounceable names for one half of the organs of the body, the coroner, who understands as much about it as they, pays him a compliment on his interesting and scientific evidence, and the

plain, honest twelve painfully arrive at the important decision—found dead. Such a man was Mr. Pounder. Having learned to read and write at a charity school, he had, while a boy, lived some time with a dealer in physic for all kinds of animals, where he had acquired a smattering of that gibberish used in the medical profession, which the generosity of the rest of the world has consented to call Latin. He afterwards went to London to finish his studies—that is, to frequent the theatres and taverns while professors were delivering lectures on the incapacities of their brother professors: and, in due time, having been duly crammed for the purpose, he passed an examination, and received a certificate from the magnates of 'the hall,' that they considered his attainments such as to make him a fit person to become one of themselves—which, perhaps, was not far from the truth."

Here is also a girlish delineation, which may well speak for the writer's powers:—

"She was twelve years of age when her father died—the saddest of all ages to become an orphan; for the thoughtlessness of childhood is past, and the self-dependence of maturity not yet come; the heart is sufficiently ripe to ascertain the magnitude of its loss, and the habits are too unformed to be a shield against such a crushing calamity. And she—what was she?—the gentlest, the most obedient, the kindest-hearted creature, in which was ever enshrined the spirit of an angel. Ripe too, for her age, was she in all feminine accomplishments, but bashful, and to be drawn forward, not brilliant, and struggling for pre-eminence. No happy retort from her lips had ever set her father's table in a roar, but no self-will had ever given her mother's heart a pang. She was not one of those dazzling and precocious intelligences, over whose cradled sleep an anxious and far-seeing mother, in her dying hour, would bend with a fearful heart, and sigh,—'No middle path will be thine, my child, thou wilt carve out thy path through the world, and very dark or very light it must be;—would that I could stay with thee!' But how often did her dying mother kneel beside her cradle, with a heart beating more with love than fear, and exclaim, 'How very happy thou mayest be, my child! thou never wilt be long miserable, for the first unkindness from one thou lovest will break thy heart—would I could take thee with me.' Her person was not an unsuitable casket for the intellectual jewel. I have seen very beautiful children—children of great intellectual readiness and activity, with features as finished, and an expression as decided as those of a full-grown woman; and however charming may have been the light carelessness and innocence of childhood playing over the finely-marked and intelligent features, yet they always gave me the idea of woman in miniature, of children with faces of unbecoming precocity; and I question whether a child whose features are as fully elaborated as those of a mature woman, will not, when a woman, be of too masculine or imperious a visage—I doubt whether her riper years will be adorned by those soft and winning graces which are the very essence of female beauty. Womanhood, that beautifies the frame, will not leave the face untouched; and if that be already formed, the alteration will not be a beauty. Clara Prior was tall for her years, and slender; but she gave promise of a woman intensely to be admired, and dearly to be loved. Her eyes were bright as the sun, but her cheeks were somewhat pale, and her nose and chin wanted somewhat of prominence, which made her appear a child. She was looked at with

pleasure, with tenderness, with love, but with hope; for the simple and infantine expression of her countenance made you think of the time when her face and form would be, as the heart was now, all that love could desire—all that love could worship."

Hardman, the country shopkeeper, and *civdevant* churchwarden, and his counterpart, Prior, the country attorney in London; Parkinson, the merchant's clerk, with his comrades, and their affectation and practice of fashionable vices; and Holton, the hero himself, especially in his earlier career, are admirably drawn: but the finest of all is the story of the hapless Amelia Williams, the village victim of the heartless seducer's arts. We have nothing to regret in this pathetic tale, but some of the scenes to illustrate it, against which we have entered our most solemn protest.

We cannot, however, conclude without a sample of Mr. Hardman's platitude; when the marriage ceremony of Holton is interrupted:—

"Young gentleman," said Mr. Hardman, very solemnly, extending his hands like a blind man in a strange road, or what often amounts to the same thing, an orator beginning a speech, 'young gentleman, it is my opinion that this is a strange proceeding of yours. I must therefore inform you that marriage is a very serious thing, and, consequently, ought not to be interrupted; for when a man has fully made up his mind, and particularly wishes to be married, he does not like to be disappointed. I advise you, therefore, to stand aside like a gentleman, and let the ceremony take place, and if you have any thing to say—any objection to make—you can do it privately afterwards."

*The Letters of Horace Walpole, Earl of Orford: including Numerous Letters now First Published from the Original Manuscripts.* In 6 vols. 8vo. Vol. V. pp. 496. London, 1840. Bentley.

WE are now approaching the end of this acceptable publication, in which we have an increasing, and increasing, number of additions to a Correspondence previously so various and entertaining, that we question much whether it could be matched in our own, or any other, language. Another volume concludes it. In the present, the new letters are chiefly to the Countess of Suffolk, Sir David Dalrymple (Lord Hailes), and the Hon. H. S. Conway; though there are a few others to Mr. Jephson (the dramatist), Mrs. Abington, Gibbon the historian, the Hon. Mrs. Grey, &c. From these we shall select such as appear to be best suited to our literary columns, and most likely to interest the general reader. They are from 1765 to 1778; and our first extract is from one which speaks of the "Castle of Otranto" in the diffident style of authorship affected in those days; and not only in authorship, but in letter-writing, speech-making, and all occasions where complimentary insincerity on one hand, and humble disclaimer of desert on the other, could be applied or introduced. Thus Walpole writes to Dalrymple (April 21, 1765):—

"Late I have had little leisure to attend to literary pursuits. I have been much out of order with a violent cold and cough for great part of the winter; and the distractions of this country, which reach even those who mean the least to profit by their country, have not left even me, who hate politics, without some share in them. Yet as what one does not love cannot engross one entirely, I have amused myself a little with writing. Our friend, Lord Finlater, will, perhaps, shew you the fruit of that

trifling, though I had not the confidence to trouble you with such a strange thing as a miraculous story, of which I fear the greatest merit is the novelty. I have lately perused with much pleasure a collection of old ballads, to which I see, sir, you have contributed with your usual benevolence. Continue this kindness to the public, and smile as I do when the pains you take for them are misunderstood or perverted. Authors must content themselves with hoping that two or three intelligent persons in an age will understand the merit of their writings, and those authors are bound in good breeding to suppose that the public in general is enlightened. They who are in the secret know how few of that public they have any reason to wish should read their works. I beg pardon of my masters the public, and am confident, sir, you will not betray me; but let me beg you not to defraud the few that deserve your information, in compliment to those who are not capable of receiving it. Do as I do about my small house here. Every body that comes to see it or me are so good as to wonder that I don't make this or that alteration. I never haggle with them; but always say I intend it. They are satisfied with the attention and themselves, and I remain with the enjoyment of my house as I like it. Adieu! dear sir."

Our next examples shew how playful a stout-minded man may be with the gout, even though he should not resort to the now favourite remedy of drinking champagne as a cure for it:—

"To the Countess of Suffolk.

"London, July 3, 1765.

"Your ladyship's goodness to me on all occasions makes me flatter myself that I am not doing an impertinence in telling you I am alive; though, after what I have suffered, you may be sure there cannot be much of me left. The gout has been a little in my stomach, much more in my head, but, luckily, never out of my right foot, and for twelve, thirteen, and seventeen hours together, insisting upon having its way as absolutely as ever my Lady Blandford did. The extremity of pain seems to be over, though I sometimes think my tyrant puts in his claim to 'other foot'; and surely he is, like most tyrants, mean as well as cruel, or he could never have thought the leg of a lark such a prize. The fever, the tyrant's first minister, has been as vexatious as his master, and makes use of this hot day to plague me more; yet, as I was sending a servant to Twickenham, I could not help scrawling out a few lines to ask how your ladyship does, to tell you how I am, and to lament the roses, strawberries, and banks of the river. I know nothing, madam, of any kings or ministers but those I have mentioned; and this administration I fervently hope will be changed soon, and for all others I shall be very indifferent. Had a great prince come to my bed-side yesterday, I should have begged that the honour might last a very few minutes.

I am, &c.

"To the Countess of Suffolk.

"Arlington Street, July 9, 1765.

"Madam,—Though instead of getting better, as I flattered myself I should, I have gone through two very painful and sleepless nights, yet as I give audience here in my bed to new ministers, and foreign ministers, I think it full as much my duty to give an account of myself to those who are so good as to wish me well. I am reduced to nothing but bones and spirits; but the latter make me bear the inconvenience of the former, though they (I mean my bones) lie in a heap over one another like the bits of

ivory at the game of straws. It is very melancholy, at the instant I was getting quit of politics, to be visited with the only thing that is still more plaguing. However, I believe the fit of politics going off makes me support the new-come better. Neither of them, indeed, will leave me plumper; but if they will both leave me at peace, your ladyship knows it is all I have ever desired. The chiefs of the new ministry were to have kissed hands to-day; but Mr. Charles Townshend, who, besides not knowing either of his own minds, has his brother's minds to know too, could not determine last night. Both brothers are gone to the king to-day. I was much concerned to hear so bad an account of your ladyship's health. Other people would wish you a severe fit, which is a very cheap wish to them who do not feel it: I, who do, advise you to be content with it in detail. Adieu! madam. Pray keep a little summer for me. I will give you a bushel of politics, when I come to Marble Hill, for a tea-cup of strawberries and cream. Mr. Chetwynd, I suppose, is making the utmost advantage of my absence, frisking and cutting capers before Miss Hotham, and advising her not to throw herself away on a decrepit old man. Well, well; fifty years hence he may begin to be an old man too; and then I shall not pity him, though I own he is the best-humoured lad in the world now.—Yours, &c."

A collection of the letters of a man's life, and especially when that man is a wit, is a severe test of his talents; but though we see Walpole often repeat the same ideas, and even words, there is yet such a diversity of liveliness in the way he puts them, that we never cease to be amused. Here, again:—

"To the Countess of Suffolk.

"Paris, Oct. 16, 1765.

"Though I begin my letter to-day, madam, it may not be finished and set out these four days; but serving a tyrant who does not allow me many holiday-minutes, I am forced to seize the first that offer. Even now when I am writing upon the table, he is giving me malicious pinches under it. I was exceedingly obliged to Miss Hotham for her letter, though it did not give me so good an account of your ladyship as I wished. I will not advise you to come to Paris, where, I assure you, one has not a nip less of the gout than at London, and where it is rather more difficult to keep one's chamber pure; water not being reckoned here one of the elements of cleanliness. If ever my Lady Blandford and I make a match, I shall insist on her coming hither for a month first to learn patience. I need have a great stock, who have only travelled from one sick bed to another; who have seen nothing; and who hear of nothing but the braveries of Fontainebleau, where the Duc de Richelieu, whose year it is, has ordered seven new operas, besides other shows. However, if I cannot be diverted, my ruin at least is protracted, as I cannot go to a single shop. Lady Mary Chabot has been so good as to make me a visit. She is again gone into the country till November, but charged me over and over to say a great deal for her to your ladyship, for whom she expresses the highest regard. Lady Brown is still in the country too; but as she loves laughing more than is fashionable here, I expect her return with great impatience. As I neither desire to change their religion or government, I am tired of their perpetual dissertations on those subjects. As when I was here last, which, alas! is four-and-twenty years ago, I was much at Mrs. Hayes's, I thought it but civil to wait on her now that her situation is a little less brill-



liant. She was not at home, but invited me to supper next night. The moment she saw me, I thought I had done very right not to neglect her; for she overwhelmed me with professions of her fondness for me and all my family. When the first torrent was over, she asked me if I was son of the Horace Walpole who had been ambassador here. I said, No, he was my uncle. Oh! then you are he I used to call my Neddy!—No, madam; I believe that is my brother.—Your brother! what is my Lord Walpole?—My cousin, madam.—Your cousin! why, then, who are you? I found that if I had omitted my visit, her memory of me would not have reproached me much. Lord and Lady Fife are expected here every day from Spa; but we hear nothing certain yet of their graces of Richmond, for whom I am a little impatient; and for Pam too, who I hope comes with them. In French houses it is impossible to meet with anything but whist, which I am determined never to learn again. I sit by, and yawn; which, however, is better than sitting at it to yawn. I hope to be able to take the air in a few days; for though I have had sharp pain and terrible nights, this codicil to my gout promises to be of much shorter duration than what I had in England, and has kept entirely to my feet. My diet sounds like an English farmer's, being nothing but beef and pudding; in truth, the beef is bouilli, and the pudding bread. This last night has been the first in which I have got a wink of sleep before six in the morning; but skeletons can live very well without eating or sleeping; nay, they can laugh too, when they meet with a jolly mortal of this world. Mr. Chetwynd, I conclude, is dancing at country-balls and horse-races. It is charming to be so young; but I do not envy one whose youth is so good-humoured and good-natured. When he gallops post to town, or swims his horse through a millpond in November, pray make my compliments to him, and to Lady Blandford, and Lady Denbigh. The joys of the gout do not put one's old friends out of one's head, even at this distance. I am, &c.

The next letter we have to quote has some striking allusions to prominent persons:—

“To the Hon. H. S. Conway.

Paris, Wednesday, Sept. 9, 1777.

“Last night, by Lord Rochford's courier, we heard of Charles Townshend's death; for which, indeed, your letter had prepared me. As a man of incomparable parts, the most entertaining to a spectator, I regret his death. His good-humour prevented one from hating him, and his levity from loving him; but, in a political light, I own I cannot look upon it as a misfortune. His treachery alarmed me, and I apprehended every thing from it. It was not advisable to throw him into the arm of the Opposition. His death avoids both kinds of mischief. I take for granted you will have Lord North for chancellor of the exchequer. He is very inferior to Charles in parts; but what he wants in those will be supplied by firmness and spirit. With regard to my brother, I should apprehend nothing, were he like other men; but I shall not be astonished if he throws his life away; and I have seen so much of the precariousness of it lately, that I am prepared for the event, if it shall happen. I will say nothing about Mr. Harris; he is an old man, and his death will be natural. For Lord Chatham, he is really or intentionally mad, but I still doubt which of the two. Thomas Walpole has writ to his brother here, that the day before Lord Chatham set out for Pynsent, he executed a letter of attorney, with

full powers to his wife, and the moment it was signed he began singing. You may depend upon it I shall only stay here to the end of the month; but if you should want me sooner, I will set out at a moment's warning, on your sending me a line by Lord Rochford's courier. This goes by Lady Mary Coke, who sets out to-morrow morning early, on the notice of Mr. Townshend's death, or she would have stayed ten days longer. I sent you a letter by Mr. Fletcher, but I fear he did not go away till the day before yesterday. I am just come from dining *en famille* with the Duke de Choiseul: he was very civil—but much more civil to Mr. Wood, who dined there too. I forgive this gratitude to the *peacemakers*. I must finish; for I am going to Lady Mary, and then return to sup with the Duchess de Choiseul, who is not civiler to any body than to me. Adieu! Yours ever.”

The following is a good example of light satirical criticism:—

“To the Hon. H. S. Conway.

Strawberry Hill, June 17, 1771.

“I was very sure you would grant my request, if you could, and I am perfectly satisfied with your reasons; but I do not believe the parties concerned will be so too, especially the heads of the family, who are not so ready to serve their relations at their own expense as gratis. When I see you, I will tell you more, and what I thought I had told you. You tax me with four days in Bedfordshire; I was but three at most, and of those the evening I went and the morning I came away made the third day. I will try to see you before I go. The Edgumbers I should like and Lady Lyttelton, but Garrick does not tempt me at all. I have no taste for his perpetual buffoonery, and am sick of his endless expectation of flattery; but you who charge me with making a long visit to Lord and Lady Ossory,—you do not see the mote in your own eye; at least, I am sure Lady Ailesbury does not see that in hers. I could not obtain a single day from her all last year, and with difficulty got her to give me a few hours this. There is always an indispensable pheasantry that must be visited, or something from which she cannot spare four-and-twenty hours. Strawberry sets this down in its pocket-book, and resents the neglect. At two miles from Houghton Park is the manse-  
leum of the Bruces, where I saw the most ridiculous monument of one of Lady Ailesbury's predecessors that ever was imagined; I beg she will never keep such company. In the midst of an octagon chapel is the tomb of Diana, countess of Oxford and Elgin. From a huge, unwieldy base of white marble rises a black marble cistern; literally a cistern that would serve for an eating-room. In the midst of this, to the knees, stands her ladyship in a white domino or shroud, with her left hand erect as giving her blessing. It put me in mind of Mrs. Cavendish when she got drunk in the bathing-tub. At another church is a kind of catacomb for the Earls of Kent: there are ten sumptuous monuments. Wrest and Hawnes are both ugly places: the house at the former is ridiculously old and bad. The state bedchamber (not ten feet high) and its drawing-room are laced with Ionic columns of spotted velvet, and friezes of patchwork. There are bushels of deplorable earls and countesses. The garden was execrable too, but is something mended by Brown. Houghton Park and Ampthill stand finely: the last is a very good house, and has a beautiful park. The other has three beautiful old fronts, in the style of Holland House, with turrets and loggias, but

not so large within. It is the worst-contrived dwelling I ever saw. Upon the whole, I was much diverted with my journey. On my return I stayed but a single hour in London, saw no soul, and came hither to meet the deluge. It has rained all night and all day; but it is midsummer, consequently mid-winter, and one can expect no better. Adieu!”

And here we conclude our notice, at least for the present.

*Legendary Tales of the Highlands: A Sequel to “Highland Rambles.”* By Sir T. Dick Lauder, Bart., author of “Lochandhu,” “The Wolfe of Badenoch,” “The Moray Floods,” &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1841. Colburn.

A CONTINUATION of the author's work published three years ago, and directed, as the introduction informs us, to preserve as many interesting Highland traditions as he could from perishing, with the aged parties in whose memories alone they lived. This is a worthy design, and we only wish it were more widely applied, both by Sir T. D. Lauder and others. For, with regard to these three volumes, the traditions preserved are few, and have little of that ancient and legendary character which the title leads us to expect. The stories, in fact, are but five in number: viz. 1. “The Water-Kelpie's Bridle and the Mermaid's Stone;” 2. “Legend,” or rather account handed down, “of the Clan-Allan Stewarts;” 3. “Legend of Charley Stewart Tailleir-Crubach” (Iame Taylor), in the time of James III.; 4. “The Legend (quære?) of Sergeant John Smith's Adventures,” a marvellous tale founded on the battle and results of Culloden; and lastly, 5. “The Legend of the Vision of Campbell of Inverawe,” date of the American war, and in our sense of the word, the only genuine legend among the whole. The other parts consist of various descriptions of Highland scenery, inns, &c.—colloquies in which many topics are slightly glanced at,—the services of Highland regiments, and other matters and incidents of a very miscellaneous nature, which are introduced in order to give a sort of coherence to the collection.

Taking the series altogether, we would say that *labor superabat opus* might be its critical motto; but some of the tales boast of an historical, and others of a northern superstitious, interest, and all are told in a forcible dramatic manner. In arguing for a partial belief in even the most incredible traditions, the author illustrates his point by a ludicrous relation:—

“Some of the Welsh legendary historians tell us, that in the year 500 there flourished a renowned chief called Benlli Gawr. His usual residence was where the present town of Mold now stands, and his hill-fort, or place of strength, was erected on the highest of the Clwydian range, nearly due west from Mold, and about half way between that place and Ruthin. The hill on which the remains of this fortalice still exist, is called Moel Benlli, or the conical hill of Benlli; and it presents a conspicuous object from Mold, Ruthin, and Denbigh. An immense *carnead*, or cairn of stones, which was still to be seen some years ago in an entire state in a field about half a mile from the town of Mold, was supposed to have been the place of this hero's interment; and if we may believe what we read in the Welsh verses on the graves of the warriors of the Isle of Britain, his son's place of sepulture was in a spot about eight miles distant, and is thus noticed in the following rhymes:—

Plan y bdd yn y Maes Mawr,  
Balen a law ar ei larn awr :  
Bedd Beli ab Benlli Gawr.

That is,—

He who owns the grave in the large field,  
Proud his hand on his blade ;  
The grave of Beli, son of Benlli Gawr.

But to return to the great *carneid* of Benlli himself in the field near Mold. It was always called *Tomen y r Ellyllon*, or the Tumulus of the Goblins; and for this reason, that from time immemorial it was believed that the grim ghost of Benlli, in the form of a knight clad in splendid gear, and especially wearing a *celain aur*, or golden corselet, appeared after sunset, standing on the cairn, or walking round it; and that there he continued to maintain his cold post till the scent of the morning air, or the crowing of the cock, drove him to the necessity of retiring from it to some more comfortable quarters. This legend had for generations so terrified the people, that no tribe could have tempted any one to have passed by that way after nightfall. Yet, though nobody went thither, and that every possibility of having any thing like direct evidence as to what the spectre knight's personal appearance and dress really were, had been thus precluded by the circumstance that every one shunned his dreaded presence, the most wonderful and incredible accounts of his stern countenance and terrific bearing, together with the most fearful stories of their effects upon people who had beheld them, continued to be propagated, although no one could specify the individuals who had seen them, or been so affected by them. Towards the end of the year 1833, it happened that the occupier of the field where the *carneid* stood, took it into his head that the stones of which it was composed might be of use for the construction of a road, or for filling drains, or for some such rural purpose. It was with some difficulty that he could procure workmen bold enough to make such an assault on the very castle of the goblin, even although it was to be carried on during the hours that the blessed sun was abroad. But, having at last succeeded in obtaining these, he proceeded to work, and soon drove away some four or five hundred cart-loads of stones from the cairn, when, at last, the workmen came upon something of a strange shape, which was manifestly constructed of some sort of metal. It was with no little dread that they ventured to touch it; but their observation having led them to believe that it was some old brass pot-lid, or frying-pan, it ceased to be an object either of dread or of interest in their unlearned eyes, and they threw it carelessly into a hedge, where it lay all night neglected. Some person of education having come to the spot next morning, who had heard of such a thing having been found, was led by curiosity to examine it, when, to the astonishment of all who heard of it, the brazen frying-pan was discovered to be a *lorica*, or corselet of gold! The metal was found to be of about the same degree of purity as our present coin. It was so thin, that it weighed altogether no more than sixty sovereigns, and therefore it appears evident that it could not have been used as armour of defence in combat. It is more than probable that it must have been worn merely as an ornamental piece of armour on occasions of state or parade, in which case it was, very likely, originally lined with leather. It was embossed all over it, of a simple pattern, but it was not perforated. The obliging correspondent through whose kindness, and that of his friends, I have become possessed of these very remarkable facts, amuses himself by calculating the

immense value which such a piece of dress must have had in the time of Benlli-Gawr, its wearer, that is, in the year 500. 'This,' says he, 'may be done by referring to the ancient laws of Wales, now publishing under the Government Commission. In these laws, the average price of a cow was five shillings, and, allowing for the difference in the value of money, a cow would now cost about ten pounds. Then one pound at that time would buy four cows, and the ten pounds would buy forty cows, and the sixty sovereigns would be the value of two hundred and forty cows, or two thousand four hundred pounds sterling.' This curious and highly valuable *moreau* of antiquity was immediately claimed by the Honourable Edward Mostyn Lloyd Mostyn as lord of the manor, and by Colonel Salusbury of Galfarnan as the possessor of the field where it was found, and the law having determined that it should belong to the former gentleman, it is now in his possession."

"The Vision of Campbell of Inverawe" is, in our opinion, the light of the book—romantic, supernatural, and highly tragic. One incident in which Campbell consents to afford the protection of hospitality to a fugitive murderer is so remarkable a highland trait that we select it:—

"For mercy's sake pardon my unceremonious entrance, Inverawe!" said the stranger, in a hollow, husky, and exhausted voice. "And be not alarmed, for I come with no hostile intention against you or yours. I am an unfortunate wretch, who, in a sudden quarrel, have shed the blood of a fellow-creature. He was a man of Lorn. I have been hotly pursued by his friends, and though I have thrown those who are after me considerably out during the long chase they have kept up, yet they are still pressing like blood-hounds on my track. To baffle them, if possible, I threw myself into the river, and swam across it, and I now claim that protection, and that hospitality, which no one ever failed to find within the house of Inverawe." "By Cruachan!" cried Inverawe, sheathing his dirk, and slapping it smartly with the open palm of his hand. "By Cruachan, I swear that you shall have both!" Now, I must tell you, that this was considered as the most solemn pledge that a Campbell of Inverawe could give. Their war-cry was, "Coar-a-Cruachan," that is, "Help from Cruachan." And this expression had a double meaning, inasmuch as the word Cruachan had reference both to the mountain of that name, and to the hip where the dirk hung. To swear by Cruachan, therefore, and to strengthen the oath by slapping the dirk with the open palm, was to utter an oath, which must, under all circumstances, be for ever held inviolable."

The character of a "wee body," both in person and property, called from the latter, small as it is, Inchroary, is drawn with humorous effect, as exhibiting the excessive pride of a "Heeland Shentleman." We copy the concluding anecdote:—

"I dare say, gentlemen, I have given you enough of Inchroary to make you sufficiently well acquainted with his character. But I have yet one more anecdote of him, which I think brings it out more than all the others. His wife, Ealsach, was one morning occupied in tending the cattle at the shieling of Altanarroch. Lonely as you already know this place of Inchroary to be, its loneliness was nothing when compared to that of the shieling of Altanarroch, where even the cattle themselves could only exist for a month or two during the finest part of the year. Now it happened that Ealsach, being in the family

way, became extremely anxious and unhappy as her time of confinement approached; and her anxiety went on increasing daily, till at last she began to think it very expedient to go home to Inchroary. The distance was considerable, and the way rough enough in all conscience. But, having the spirit of a Highland woman within her, she set out boldly on foot, and arrived at Inchroary at an early hour in the morning. Her husband met her at the door of the house, where she looked for a kind welcome from him, and modestly signified the cause of her coming. 'Ha!' exclaimed he, proudly, and with anger in his eye. 'How is this that you come on foot? How dared you to come home till I sent a horse for you, that you might travel as Inchroary's wife ought to do?' 'No one saw how I came,' replied his wife, meekly. 'I met nothing but the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps on the hill.' 'No matter,' said Inchroary, 'even the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps should not have it to say, that they saw the wife of Inchroary tramping home a-foot through the heather. Get thee back this moment every foot of the way to Altanarroch, that I may send for thee as Inchroary's wife ought to be sent for.' The poor woman knew that argument with him was useless. Without entering the house, therefore, she was compelled to turn her weary steps back to Altanarroch; and she was no sooner there, than a servant appeared, leading by the bridle a horse, having a saddle on its back covered with a green cloth, on which she was compelled to mount forthwith, in order to ride home over the barren and desert moors and mooses in such style as might satisfy the moor-cocks and the pease-weeps that she was the wife of Inchroary."

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

*The Three Peers.* By Lady Stepney. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

The title of *Three Peers* prepares us for a tale of the aristocratic circles; and her personal acquaintance with them points out the author as a competent painter of their characters, and chronicler of their habits and doings. If we add to these qualifications, that the story is involved in the dramatic mysteries of unacknowledged offspring and unknown relationships,—that villany and virtue are contrasted in action and in destiny,—that love bears its due proportion in crossing events, and finally triumphing, we have noticed the leading ingredients of a proper novel in high life from a not incurious observer nor unpractised hand. We have, however, in vain looked through these three volumes for a suitable extract to exemplify them, without violating the interest in which readers of this class of publication are more especially disposed to take a pleasure. Why, indeed, should we, in a brief critique, divulge secrets which the author relies on for the effects of her conclusion, and keeps carefully guarded till within a few pages of the close of the third volume? Holding such conduct to be altogether unwarrantable, and finding we could give no sufficient extract without trenching on the plot, we must be content with recording this creation of *Three Peers* for the gratification of the lovers of fiction, grafted on the form and pressure of fashionable society.

*Low's Illustrations of Domestic Animals.* Part V. London, 1840. Longman and Co.

WHAT animal is more important to man than the sheep, of which this Part so ably treats? Not the horse nor the ox to civilised Europe, nor the dog or reindeer to the frozen north, nor the camel to the burning and barren desert,



not the pointer to the sportsman, nor the cat to the old maid! Of various breeds, Mr. Low has given us the best accounts of "the Kerry," "the Black-faced Heath," and "the Cheviot;" to all of which these islands are so extensively indebted for food and clothing. As in the preceding parts, the species are beautifully pictured; so that, whilst we are taught their uses and merits by the descriptions, our eye is gratified by their correct delineation, though grouped with great pictorial effect. In the latter point of view they are indeed so excellent, that we know of no more suitable and interesting ornament to the grange or farm-house, than a series of these engravings neatly framed, whilst the text lies on the table for reference and information.

*The Dowager; or, the New School for Scandal.*

By Mrs. Gore, authoress of "Mrs. Armistage," "Stokeshill Park," &c. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1840. Bentley.

*The Dowager* is the head of a fashionable and scandalous clique, who, by their prying curiosity and malicious misinterpretations and calumnies, embroil all the worthy people within the sphere of their operations in difficulties and distress. In the end *éclaircissements* take place, and poetical justice is done. As in the whole of Mrs. Gore's *spiritual* productions, there is a keen appreciation of character; and if the portraits and events are coloured as highly as probabilities allow, they are yet all within the pale, and in perfect keeping. Of the talent displayed in general, in contriving the incidents, making the speakers feel, act, and talk as they would naturally do under the impressions created, and elaborating out of the whole a good story to paint the moral and interest the reader, we need only say that it is worthy of this lady's established popularity. For reasons assigned elsewhere we offer no extracts.

#### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DR. HELFER.

Prague, Oct. 29.

SOME months ago, the "Allgemeine Zeitung" (the "Augsburg Universal Gazette") first, and then the English journals, published the news of the death of our countryman, Dr. Helfer, who was visiting the islands of Southern Asia; but letters from his wife having been received just before, dated nearly at the time when the misfortune was said to have happened, the relations of the enterprising traveller were induced to hope that the accounts given by those newspapers would not be confirmed. We were, therefore, the more deeply grieved by the contents of later letters just received from his wife and her brother, M. Otto des Granges, which unhappily confirm the fact, that Dr. Helfer, in the flower of his age, and on the road to well-earned fame, has fallen a victim to his zeal for the promotion of natural history and geography. On the 13th of January, this year, leaving Mergui (where his wife stayed in the meantime), in company with his above-mentioned brother-in-law, for the purpose of exploring the Andaman Islands, he reached them on the fourth day, and explored several of them by landing at different places. On the 30th, being at anchor off the largest of them, and the wind being contrary, Dr. Helfer resolved to make an attempt to communicate with the very savage natives, and proceeded with two small boats, accompanied only by the captain of the Catherine schooner, and some Birmanese and Malays, towards the coast. Just as they were about to land, they were received by thirty of the natives with showers of arrows, from which they endeavoured to

escape by leaping into the water and swimming to the ship, which was scarcely 1000 paces distant, their boats being upset in the confusion. Meantime almost all his companions were wounded by the arrows of the savages; he himself was wounded by an arrow in the neck, and by a second in the head, and, being borne down by the weight of his arms and his cartridge-box, he sank, and rose no more. The endeavours of his brother-in-law, who had remained on board the ship at anchor, to approach the shore and give assistance, were baffled by violent contrary winds; and equally fruitless were his subsequent endeavours to find the body. The other wounded persons, who had got possession of one of the boats which had been got afloat, reached the ship, which arrived at Mergui on the 19th of February, bringing the fatal news to his unfortunate widow. This faithful partner in the zeal of her husband is already on her return to Europe; and we are fully persuaded that the rich collections made by her and her husband respecting the natural history and geography of Asia will be duly communicated to the scientific world.

#### ARTS AND SCIENCES.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 18th. The Rev. Dr. Buckland, President, in the chair.—Dr. Buckland's paper, "On the Proofs of the former Existence of Glaciers in Scotland and England," commenced on the 4th instant, was resumed. When the author's attention was first directed by Prof. Agassiz, in Oct. 1838, to the polished striated and furrowed surfaces of the rocks on the slopes of the Jura near Neuchâtel, as the effects of glaciers, he doubted the correctness of the inference; but, after devoting some days to the examination of actual glaciers, and the effects produced by them, he became a complete convert to the glacier theory, as far as relates to Switzerland. On his return to Neuchâtel, in the same year, he informed M. Agassiz, that he had noticed similarly polished and striated rocks, in 1811, on the left side of the gorge of the Tay, near Dunkeld, though he then attributed the appearance to diluvial action; that, in 1824, he had noticed, when in company with Mr. Lyell, grooves and striae on the surface of granite rocks, near the east base of Ben Nevis; and that, near the base of Ben Wevis, Sir G. Mackenzie pointed out to him a high ridge of gravel arranged obliquely across a valley, and not explicable by any action of water. Those phenomena, however, since his examination of the Swiss glaciers, he has been convinced, may be explained by the friction of ice upon rocks, and the production of transverse moraines. After these preliminary remarks, Dr. Buckland proceeds to describe the evidences of glaciers observed during a tour made in the autumn of this year, partly before, and partly subsequent to, an excursion in company with Prof. Agassiz. He, however, omits for the present all details respecting parallel terraces, though he is convinced that they are intimately connected with the glacier theory. The observations commenced in the neighbourhood of Dumfries, and were afterwards extended over a line of country ranging from Aberdeen by Forfar, Blairgowrie, Dunkeld, Loch Tummel, and Loch Rannoch, to Schiehallion and Taymouth; and thence by Crief, Comrie, Loch Earn Head, Callender, and Stirling, to Edinburgh. The tour was subsequently prolonged in England, by Berwick, the Cheviots, Alston Moor, and Shap Fell, to Lancashire and Cheshire; but the details of this portion of the series of ob-

servations will be given in a paper to be read on the 2d of December. The evidence of the former existence of glaciers in the vicinity of Dumfries occurs in the picturesque ravine of Crickhope Linn. On emerging from the chasm at the upper end of this ravine, a remarkable example of a long terminal moraine is visible, stretching across the mountain valley, from which the Dolland Burn descends to fall into Crickhope Linn. When seen from a distance, it resembles the vallum of an ancient camp, being covered with turf; but it is composed of rolled pebbles, chiefly of slate rocks, originally derived from the adjacent Lammermuir Hills, and of a few rolled fragments of granite. It presents no traces of stratification. The height varies from 20 to 30 feet; the breadth of the base is about 100 feet; and the length is 400 yards, occupying the entire breadth of the valley, except near the centre, where the moraine is intersected by a road, and at the west end, where it is traversed by the Dolland rivulet. To moraines, or the detritus of moraines, Dr. Buckland refers the gravel and sand which cover the granitic table-land between Aberdeen and Stonehaven; the large insulated tumuli and tortuous ridges of gravel which occupy a tract of 100 acres near Forden, one mile east of Achinbald; the blocks, and more or less stratified gravel which are spread over the first level portion of the valley of the North Esk, after it emerges from the sub-Grampians; also the ridges and cones of gravel at Cortachy and Piersie, not far from Kerriemuir. Near the summit of the hill which forms the left side of the main valley at the confluent point of the Piersie and Prosen valleys is a polished surface of porphyry, striated in the direction which a glacier descending the valley would have maintained. The vast longitudinal and insulated ridges of gravel, extending two or three miles up the valley east of Blairgowrie, and the transverse barriers, which form a series of small lakes on its west, in the valley of Lunanburn, Dr. Buckland considers to be moraines, also the lofty mounds composing the ornamental grounds adjacent to Dunkeld Castle—the detritus which covers the left flank of the Tay, along a great part of the road from Dunkeld to Logierait; the left flank of the Tummel valley, from Logierait to Killcrankie, and the left flank of the Garrie from Killcrankie to Blair Athol; likewise the vast congeries of gravel and boulders lodged in the shoulders of the mountain opposite the gorge of the Tummel, and accumulated, the author believes, by glaciers which descended the valley of the Tummel, from the north side of Schiehallion, and the mountains around Loch Rannoch. This elevated mass of moraines, and detritus of moraines, in the lateral valley of the Tummel, Dr. Buckland conceives, was formed across the longitudinal valley of the Garrie, in the same manner that modern glaciers of the Alps, as in the case of the Val de Bagnes, occasionally descend from the transverse across the longitudinal valleys. The mammellated, polished, and striated slate rocks, about one mile above the falls of Tummel, and forming the left portal of the gorge of the valley, Dr. Buckland mentions as proofs of the action of a glacier which descended the gorge: he alludes also to the indications of polish on veins of quartz which project eight or ten inches above the surface of weathered masses of mica-slate near the same locality; and to the slight scratches on mammellated rocks at Bohaly, one mile and a half east of Tummel Bridge. The evidence of glaciers on Schiehallion, he shews is visible on the north and north-east shoulders of the mountain,

in rounded, polished, and striated surfaces, many of which have been recently laid bare in forming a new road. The surface of a porphyry dike about 40 feet wide, and lately exposed, near the thirteenth milestone, on the left flank of the valley called the Braes of Foss, is polished and covered with striae, parallel to the line of descent, which a glacier from Schiehallion would assume; and, on the right flank of the same valley, 100 yards north of the eleventh milestone, is another smaller vein of red porphyry, similarly polished and striated. In the intermediate space, newly uncovered surfaces of hard slate rocks and quartzite present characters of the same nature; and the whole of these phenomena are ascribed to the agency of glaciers. The two lofty ridges of gravel in Taymouth Park, ranging at right angles to the sides of the valley, between the village of Kenmore and the castle; the mound on which stands the ornamental dairy, and the gravel on which are situated the woods overhanging the left bank of the lower end of Loch Tay, Dr. Buckland considers to be moraines, or the detritus of moraines; likewise the deeply scored and fluted boulders of hornblende rock with other débris, which occur at the junction of Glen Moulin with the Lyon. The proofs of glacier-action in Glen Cofield are shewn to be a remarkable assemblage of moraines upon the high land which divides the valley of the Tay from that of the Bran; also a group between the sixteenth and fourteenth milestones, consisting of forty or fifty round-topped moraines, from 30 to 60 feet high, crowded together like tumuli. It is impossible, Dr. Buckland says, to refer these mounds of gravel and blocks to the action of a current of water, as they are placed precisely at the point where a stream, descending from the high lands, would have acted with the greatest velocity; they moreover exactly resemble some of those moraines which occur in the valley of the Rhone between Martigny and Liège. The village of Amubrie, Dr. Buckland conceives, is situated on a group of low moraines; and he states that the road, for two or three miles towards Glen Almond, passes over similar accumulations, and surfaces of mica-slate rounded by glaciers. The proofs of the action of ice in and near Strath Earn consist, between Crieff and Comrie, in irregular terraces of gravel, or detritus of moraines; and in rounded as well as guttered surfaces of slate rocks at the west end of Comrie, near the bridge; and in the woods adjacent to Lawer's House. In the valley of the Lednoch, Dr. Buckland found further proofs of glacial action, and at points where, if the glacier theory were true, he had assumed they ought to exist. Immediately above the gorge called the Devil's Caldron, particularly near Tentallich, he noticed rounded surfaces of greenstone partially covered with moraines; and at Kenagart, also immediately above the gorge, a small cluster of moraines, easily separable into lateral and terminal. Two miles higher, at the confluence of Glen Lednoch with Glen Garrow, a distinct medial moraine forms an insulated ridge in front of the point of union of the two valleys. The farm-house of Invergely is said to stand on the detritus of a moraine; and the surface of the granite at Invergely, from which the stone was procured to erect Lord Melville's monument near Crieff, is stated to bear evidence of having been rounded by glacier-action. On a hill of trap, half a mile south of the farm of Lurg, on the left side of Glen Lednoch, a striated and polished surface is distinctly preserved. In Glen

Turret, Dr. Buckland found, on the shoulder of the mountain immediately above the S.W. extremity of the Loch, a vast lateral moraine in a deep ravine; and at the falls of Turret, at the lower extremity of the gorge, an extensive lodgement of moraines; whilst at the upper end of the gorge, on the left bank of the river, near a gate which crosses the road, he noticed polished and furrowed surfaces of slate-rocks, at precisely the place where, theoretically, he had asserted they ought to be found. The banks of Loch Earn, and the surrounding country, afforded Dr. Buckland the following evidence of glaciers having existed in that district. On the north bank of the loch, he observed rounded and furrowed surfaces and portions of lateral moraines exposed in road-side sections; and at Loch Earn Head a group of conical moraines occupying the middle of the valley, at a point where, had the detritus been brought by a rapid current, it must have been propelled into the loch, but if brought by a glacier would have been deposited as a terminal moraine. Further evidence of moraines are stated to occur in the valley of the Teith, from Loch Katherine to Callender; and the lofty parallel terraces in the same valley are considered to be detritus of moraines modified by the great floods which accompanied the melting of the ice. One of them near Callender has been hitherto believed to be a Roman camp, and has been mapped as such. The little lakes on the right banks of the Teith, four miles east of Callender, Dr. Buckland considers due to a series of moraines obstructing the drainage of the country; and the first table-land, after crossing the river towards Doune, to be composed of rearranged glacial detritus; also the ground on Mr. Smith's farm near Doune is situated. Having thus proved that glaciers once occurred in the glens and mountainous districts of Scotland, Dr. Buckland was anxious to ascertain the amount of evidence which Stirling and Edinburgh would afford of their action at points but little raised above the level of the sea, and far distant from any group of mountains. He had noticed, in 1824, on the summit of the hill at Stirling, that the surface of the trap then recently uncovered, between the castle and the church, was polished and striated; but at his last visit those proofs had been obliterated. The grooves and scratches, described by Sir James Hall, on the Costorphin Hills, near Edinburgh, and on Calton Hill, Professor Agassiz informed him, entirely resemble the effects produced by the under-surface of modern glaciers. In his recent examination, in company with Mr. Mac-laren, of the castle-rock at Edinburgh, he found polished and striated surfaces at the N.W. and S.W. angles; and at the base of the N.W. angle a nearly horizontal portion of the rock covered with rude striae, ranging E. and W. Some of these scratches and rounded surfaces, Dr. Buckland says, may have been produced by stones projecting from the sides or bottom of floating masses of ice, but that it is impossible to account by this means for the polish and striae on rocks at Black Law Hill, two miles south of Edinburgh. On the southern face of this hill, at the base of a nearly vertical cliff of trap, is a natural vault, partially filled with a breccia composed of gravel and sand cemented by a modern infiltration of carbonate of lime. The sides and roof of the vault are highly polished, and covered with striae, irregularly arranged with respect to the whole area, but parallel over limited extents. It is impossible, Dr. Buckland observes, to refer these striae to the action of pebbles set in mo-

tion by water, because fragments of stone moving in a fluid cannot produce continuous parallel lines; and because, if they could produce them, the striae would be parallel to the direction of the current. It is impossible, he also states, to refer them to the effects of stones fixed in floating ice, as no such masses could have come in contact with the roof of a low vault; but that it is easy to explain the phenomena, by the long-continued action of fragments of ice forced into the cave literally from the bottom of a glacier, descending the valley, on the margin of which the vault is placed; and the irregular grouping of the parallel striae to the unequal motion of the ice, charged with fragments of stone. The position of the cave does not exceed 300 feet above the level of the sea; and the proving of glacial action at this point, the author states, justifies the opinion that glaciers may also have covered Calton Hill, and the Castle Hills of Edinburgh and Stirling.—A paper 'On the Geological Evidence of the former Existence of Glaciers in Forfarshire,' by Mr. Lyell, was commenced.

## BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 20th. Mr. Reynolds in the chair.—Exhibited the following specimens, presented by Mr. H. C. Watson, *Geranium pusillum*, in which the branches terminated in umbels, imperfectly formed by the multiplication and adhesion of flowers and their stalks, the petals being mostly green and imperfect; *Saxifraga sarmientacea*, having the parts of the flowers foliaceous, the seed-vessel being transformed into two leaves and the seeds into very small leaf-buds, resembling the young plants on the runners.—Read, extracts of a letter from Dr. H. Willshire, who left England in August last to explore the botany of Morocco; also, the conclusion of Mr. James Harvey's paper 'On *Mikaina guaco*.'

## PARIS LETTER.

Academy of Sciences, Nov. 24, 1846.

SITTING of November 19.—M. Despretz read a memoir 'On Certain Experiments Recently Undertaken by him for Ascertaining the Quantity of Caloric Absorbed in the Fusion of Bodies,' and explained an ingenious apparatus for operating by means of immersion in a box that kept the heated matter free from contact with the liquid in which the immersion was made. It resulted from his observations, that the specific of a body is greater when in a liquid than when in a solid state, and that the latent heat is nearly in an inverse proportion with the atomic weight.—M. Lallemand, of Montpellier, read an elaborate memoir 'On the General Laws of Reproduction in all Animals.'—M. Duhamel read the second part of a paper 'On the Vibration of Strings charged with Riders.' He shewed that for a determinate weight of the riders, and for any determinate position of them, there are, when the cord is made to vibrate, an infinity of simple sounds, which the cord emits, and which correspond each to a particular system of nodi. These sounds and the positions of these nodi were each to be determined by the roots of a transcendental equation. In a great number of cases solutions were obtained which did not correspond with any of these roots; and, in this paper, M. Duhamel shewed the method of recognising these cases, and of forming the proper solutions. A numerous series of experiments in support and trial of this theory had been made, and the differences found to exist between the actual and theoretical results were so trifling, that the theory was considered to be

thereby satisfactorily confirmed. Thus in a first series of experiments, the differences between the practical and theoretical results were the following:—

$$+0.0005, -0.0008, -0.004, +0.005, -0.01, -0.005.$$

differences following no regular order either in magnitude or signs. These differences were therefore to be looked as all lying within the limits of errors to which the most careful experiments were always subject.

**November Shooting Stars.**—M. Arago remarked to the Academy that the weather had been so exceedingly unfavourable this year that no observations of the periodicity of these meteoric phenomena could be made on the 13th or 14th. On the 12th there had been only a few seen, though the night was cloudless; but what was remarkable was, that lightning had been observed that night, notwithstanding the absence of clouds.

A young shepherd-boy, ten years old, possessed of calculating powers similar to those of the young Mangiamela, was introduced to the Academy, and answered several mathematical questions with the greatest facility. The guardian of this boy, M. Jacobi, a schoolmaster of Tours, explained that in many cases of multiplication he operated in his mind by the usual algebraical formulæ. The square of 756 he gave, accurately, in less than a minute; and he gave the number of seconds, minutes, &c. in fifty-two years in about one-fourth of the time that it would have required to do it with the common aids of pen and paper.

A curious instance of the effect of steam in extinguishing a fire was mentioned to the Academy as having recently occurred near Amiens. A manufactory was in flames, when the engine-men succeeded in turning on into a room where the fire was raging all the steam of the engine which gave the moving power to the machinery of the establishment, and the consequence was, that the force of the fire was immediately diminished in a very remarkable degree.—M. Payer mentioned that the waters proceeding from a manufactory for the extraction of fecula from various substances, situated near Versailles, had been turned on to some fields with beneficial effects, acting as a rich manure.

M. Dumont d'Urville's report of the voyage which he has just terminated has been received, but is not yet published, by the Minister of Marine. It appears that, after leaving Van Diemen's land, the ships, the *Astrolabe* and *Zélée*, visited New Zealand, and then steered across the Pacific for Louisiana and Torres Straits. All the southern part of that land for 200 leagues from Russell Island was carefully surveyed; and on the 28th May, 1840, it was proved that there was no strait existing between Louisiana and New Guinea; and, therefore, that the great island of D'Entrecasteaux is nothing else than the eastern extremity of New Guinea. The expedition continued to trace the coast for thirty leagues from Cape Rodney,—a district of the beauty of which the officers of the expedition speak in high terms. The vessels ran on a dangerous coral reef in Torres Straits, from having mistaken a channel insufficiently indicated in Bligh's sketch, but got off again with the loss of their false keels. The vessels arrived at Toulon on the 6th instant.

M. Ingres, Director of the French Academy of Fine Arts at Rome, terminates his five years, the usual period for holding that office, on the 31st December next; and M. Schnetz has just been appointed to succeed him. The

former gentleman has just been commissioned by the Minister of the Interior to paint the ceiling of the New Chamber of Peers, for 100,000 francs, or 4000*l*.—A beautiful little picture, by Robert Fleury, "*Le Colloque de Poissy*," which attracted much well-deserved attention at the last *Salon*, has been purchased for the Museum of the Luxembourg, and placed in the Gallery of Modern Paintings.—Gudin's magnificent view of "Gibraltar from the South-east," which was one of the principal gems of this year's exhibition at the Louvre, has been purchased by Susse, the picture-dealer; and he has recently shewn it in his window. He asks 4500 francs, or 180*l*. for it,—a high price, notwithstanding its great merit. Whilst talking of pictures, we may mention that we learn from Berlin that M. Lipmann has succeeded by his new method in copying in oil a small portrait by F. Mieris, producing a work of great beauty. It was always supposed that this mechanical process was not applicable to any but large pictures.—Professor Camporese, a distinguished architect of Rome, and formerly President of the Academy of St. Luke, died there a short time since, aged eighty-four.

Most of the French papers have been stating that Father Gêramb, of the order of La Trappe, was dead. This is erroneous; it is his son, whose decease was announced by the "*Ami de la Religion*" in a paragraph commencing with the words, "*Le R. P. Gêramb en quittant le monde*," &c., alluding to his embracing the monastic life: and hence came the error,—a careless editor not having taken the trouble to read to the end of the passage.

A learned "History of the City and County of Nantes," by the Abbé Travers, is now in course of publication. The archaeological, as well as historical, information contained in it, is at once profound and extensive. A similar work, at least in an archaeological point of view, is coming out at Bordeaux, being an account of the ancient and modern edifices, monuments, &c. of that city, by M. Bordès, an architect who has been upwards of ten years amassing the materials for it.—Napier's "*Peninsular War*" has been translated into French, and is now selling in Paris. The edition is in four volumes, including all the maps, plans, &c., and sells for only fifty-four francs.

#### LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

Oxford, November 19.—The following degrees were conferred:—

*Masters of Arts*.—Rev. W. H. Ridley, Grand Compounder, Rev. H. W. Phillott, Students of Christ Church.

*Bachelors of Arts*.—J. W. Emmon, Grand Compounder, W. Cartwright, Brasenose College; J. Welch, Queen's College; W. E. Smith, W. T. A. Radford, Exeter College; A. Kent, Oriel College.

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE ALNWICK OBELISK.

BY JOSEPH BONOMI, ESQ.  
Read, Nov. 12, 1840.

I BEG permission to lay before the Royal Society of Literature a drawing and description of an Egyptian obelisk, in the collection of an honoured and learned member of the Society, which was brought to this country in the present year; together with some observations regarding the historical and chronological value of the monument, for which I am indebted to a learned member of this Society, my friend Mr. Cullimore, and by which it will appear, that although not of the colossal proportions of the monuments I had last season the pleasure of describing, it possesses some features which render it equally deserving the attention of the

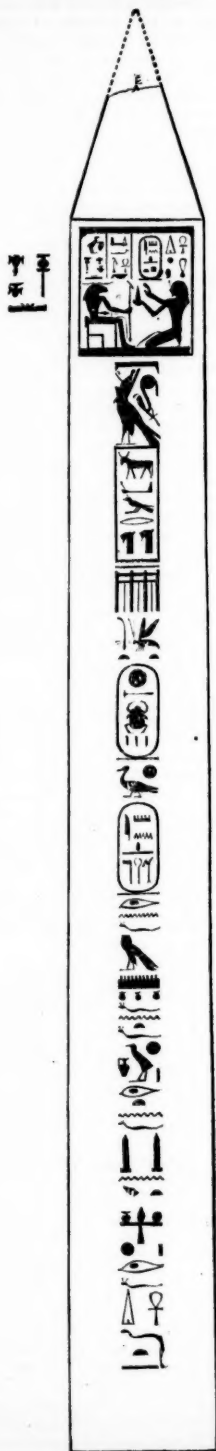
Society. This obelisk was recently found in one of the villages of the Thebaid, and presented to Lord Prudhoe, during his last visit to Egypt in 1833, by the present ruler of that country, whence it has been transferred to the museum of Alnwick Castle, formed through the munificence of this liberal patron and promoter of the arts and sciences. It is thus happily rescued from the destruction which has deprived us of some of the most interesting monuments of the ancient world; many of them having within the last twenty years been broken into small fragments, to make lime for the walls of the cotton manufactories of the Pasha. The temples of Egypt may be viewed, not only as monuments of the intelligence and ancient civilisation of mankind—as vignettes in the great book of history, but also as possessing a peculiar interest, belonging, as they do, to a people intimately connected with the sacred records—a circumstance, which of itself gives to every fragment of them a charm that compensates for that grace and elegance so much to be admired in the antiquities of Greece and Rome. The obelisk in question is of the red granite of Upper Egypt, and measures from its base to the extremity of its broken apex, seven feet three inches. The greatest width is nine inches and three-quarters, and nine inches on the two other sides of the base. The base of the pyramid on two sides is eight inches and three-quarters; and on the other two, eight and a quarter. In this irregularity of the transverse dimensions it resembles all the other monuments of the same class, no less than in its general proportions, the base being about a tenth of the entire height, as restored in the accompanying delineation. On reference to the scale of the relative sizes of Egyptian obelisks on their original sites, and in the collections of Europe, which on a former occasion I had the honour to lay before the Society, it will be found that the present raises the number of standing obelisks to thirty, of which eight are in Egypt, fourteen in Italy, two in Constantinople, two in France, four in England; and descending from 105 feet, the colossal proportions of the Lateran, to five feet ten inches, the dimensions of the minor Florentine obelisk.\* Immediately before the latter, and next to the two of basalt in the British Museum, which measure eight feet one inch and a half, the subject of these remarks comes in as the twenty-ninth of the series, when marshalled in the order of their sizes, although, in point of antiquity, it will appear that its place is among the earliest of these monuments; since it bears the nomen and prenomen of Amonoph the Second, who ascended the throne of Thebes in the 160th year of Manetho's eighteenth dynasty, as the immediate successor of Thothmes the Third,† Meris or Menophres, the author of the canonical period which goes by his name, and originates in the quadriennium B.C. 1325—1. So that we can hardly mistake in referring the present monument to the end of the fourteenth century before the Christian era; the obelisks of Osirtesen, Amon Nitocri, and the Thothmeses

\* Alexandria, one; Heliopolis, one; Karnak, four; Luxor, one; Philae, one sandstone, uninscribed; Rome, twelve; Florence, two; Paris, one; Arles, one; British Museum, two; seat of Mr. Banks, one; Alnwick Castle, one. If to this list we add the prostrate obelisk of Alexandria, the nine among the ruins of Saïs, or Tanis, and the two at Karnak (of which fragments only remain), in all twelve of the colossal order, and of the period of the eighteen and twenty-second dynasties, the total number of known Egyptian obelisks will be augmented to forty-two.

† The statement of Herodotus, XI. XIII., that scarcely 900 years had elapsed from the death of Meris, when the historian visited Egypt, appears to identify him with Menophres, whom Theon refers to the same period.



being its only predecessors, and the great majority of a subsequent period, among which are the two obelisks of Amyrteus in the British Museum, and that of Ptolemy and Cleopatra at the seat of Mr. Banks: its relative chronological place is immediately before the great Sphinx, the work of Thothmes the Fourth, the son and successor of this Pharaoh. While Amonoph the Third, whose remains are abundant, more particularly in our national collection, is the accredited Memnon of the Greek and Roman writers; Amonoph the Second, whose remains are scarce in the same ratio, there being, I believe, not a single example in the British Museum, is the Memnon of the Egyptian historian Manetho, whose Rathotis corresponds in name and place with the lower shield (Rathek), the third Amonoph of the hieroglyphic tablets, and of the statues in the plains of Goorna. "Amonoph reigned thirty-one years; he is supposed to be the Memnon to whom the musical statue was erected," (Manetho *apud* Syncell.; Cory's "Ancient Fragments," page 116.) To this piece of information Eusebius adds, "the Ethiopians, arriving from the river Indus, settled on the confines of Egypt," ("Chron. Hieronym." num. 400-403),—a remark which gives date to a tradition preserved by Herodotus (VII. 70), Strabo (II.), and other writers, that the same race inhabited the banks of the Indus and of the Upper Nile, and which has derived confirmation from the affinity between the Ethiopic and Sanscrit systems of writing, pointed out by two learned men, Dr. Wall and Mr. Tudor ("Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy," Nov. 1837; "Proceedings of the Numismatic Society," Jan. 1839), apparently without either being aware of the theory of the other. The hieroglyphics of this interesting monument are nearly allied to that kind which may be strictly denominated *Incavo*, there being scarcely any rotundity within the outline,—a style unusual in monuments of this class and period. A peculiar feature of this obelisk is that it is inscribed only on one face; and, excepting two characters, which are a little doubtful (owing rather to the slight *incavo* of the sculpture than to any subsequent injury), the inscription is entire: as usual, however, on many of the remains of the Amonoph family, the nomen, where it is most prominent, appears to have been inserted to the prejudice of some former characters; the surface within the shield having been sufficiently lowered to obliterate whatever was engraved before the present characters were inserted, as may be easily ascertained by placing a ruler along the surface; whilst the same nomen also occurs among the small hieroglyphics on the upper part, which appears not to be an after work. The after-insertion of the nomen in all the known remains of Amonoph the Third, the grandson of the present Pharaoh, to the prejudice of a more ancient one which agreed with the prenomen of Amonoph the Third, is a fact which has not been sufficiently considered nor satisfactorily explained; and the problem in this instance extends to the second Amonoph, while the difficulty seems to be increased by the circumstance of the nomen on the upper part being of the original work. Did the Amonophs, by the insertion of a name founded on that of their tutelar divinity Amon, mean to supersede the worship of the divinity from whom the obliterated royal name was derived? In a former paper, on Three of the Roman Obelisks, I alluded to the usurping propensities of the god Amon. The recovery of an obelisk of so interesting a reign, and certainly the only one of



Amonoph the Second, of whom so few remains are to be found amidst the abundant relics of the eighteenth dynasty, is, therefore, a subject of congratulation to the noble possessor and the world of antiquaries, independently of the peculiarities which it offers for solution; among which, the fact of the surface within the contour of the sculptures being nearly flat is not the least worthy of notice—a kind of sculpture found only in tombs and on stela, generally of the age of Psammetichus; for the significant decorations on the walls of Egyptian temples are either in low relief (*basso-relievo*), or in a kind of sculpture peculiar to Egypt, which may be denominated *Incavo-relievo*, or sunk relief, in which the figure is expressed in relief within the outline, but never so prominent as to exceed the general surface.

On Thursday the first paper read was by Mr. Hamilton, translating from the French into English a letter from Mr. Prisse to Sir Gardner Wilkinson, dated Luxor, 15th January, relating to the temples of Karnak, which were lately destroyed for the sake of the stones, to construct factories and other public buildings. The hieroglyphics and inscriptions on some of these were of a very remarkable nature; and the writer supposed, might have commemorated four of the dynasty of Shepherd kings; and have been mutilated and defaced (as they appeared to be) after these conquerors and tyrants were expelled. The worship of the sun was clearly indicated by the representations of the Pharaohs offering sacrifice to that orb and its rays descending upon it.—The second was also an Egyptian communication of great interest, from Lieut. Newbold, of the Madras army, and gave a melancholy account of the gradual but rapid disappearance of the magnificent ruins of Antipolis, Antioe, and Hermopolis, in the Thebais, and on the eastern bank of the Nile; which bank is far more exposed to the obliteration of its monuments than the western side. So late in the week, we have not time for a more particular report; but with Mr. Bonomi's important paper on the obelisk at the former meeting, there will be sufficient for the gratification of our readers who study and delight in Egyptian archaeology.

#### ROYAL SOCIETY.

SIR JOHN BARROW, Bart. in the chair.—Auditors preparatory to the anniversary on Monday next were elected.—Read, a memorandum referring to the germinal vesicle in the mammiferous ovum, by Mr. Jones.—Read, likewise, a description of the electro-magnetic clock, by Professor Wheatstone. By this very ingenious invention, were a pair of wires laid down, exact time—to a second—may be indicated at various points, from one terminus of a railway to the other.—Read, also, a note by Captain Norton, 'On a Percussion Shell to Explode at the Bottom of the Sea.'

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. HAMILTON, Vice-President, in the chair.—Dr. Lee exhibited a stone, purchased by him at Aleppo, deeply cut on all sides with medallions and other ornaments, and doubtless an artist's mould. Dr. Lee considered it of the time of the Lower Empire. He also presented casts from the stone, for the Society's museum.—Mr. Spence, in a letter to Mr. J. G. Nichols, communicated an account of some fragments of a monumental brass in the church of St. Margaret, near Rochester, to the memory of Thomas Codd, a vicar of that parish, who died in 1465. It had been accidentally discovered that this brass was engraved on *both sides*, the en-

graving on the lower side being so fresh as to show the marks of the tool.—The reading of Mr. Vance's description of the ruins excavated at Crendi, Malta, was concluded.

## ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY.

NOVEMBER 21.—The Director of the Society in the Chair.—Captain Sir Henry Dillon, R.N., Admiral Sir Charles Malcolm, and Arthur W. Ravenscroft, Esq., were elected resident members. The reading of the Report of the Committee instituted by the Government of India for the examination of the coal-beds found in various parts of that country, was concluded.—The Honorary Secretary then read an interesting paper 'On the Intermixture of Buddhism and Brahmanism in the Religion of the Hindus of the Dekhin,' by the Rev. Dr. Stevenson, who is already known by some remarkable speculations on the religion of the Hindus previous to the introduction of Brahmanism, as well as by a grammar of the Maharratta language. The writer observes that the extensive spread of Buddhism in the Dekhin is proved, not only by the well-known caverns of Ellora, Karli, Ajanta, and Salsette, but by numerous smaller excavations found throughout the country, several of which contain inscriptions in the cave character, with *dagobas*, and other Buddhist relics; and that, in all probability, it once had a decided superiority over Brahmanism. It was the religion of reason, in opposition to that of tradition, as represented by Brahmanism. It rejected all that was repugnant to reason; while the Brahmans considered themselves bound to perform all that was inculcated by tradition, without reference to its reasonableness. It appears that Buddhism had influence enough to procure the abolition of many practices of the Brahmans: some of which have never been restored; among them are—the killing of cows for sacrifice; the killing of animals, generally in the sacred feasts held in honour of ancestors; and the marrying of a deceased brother's wife, all inculcated in the sacred books, and practised in ancient times: other matters, also abolished under the same influence, have been restored with the ascendancy of Brahmanism, such as the sacrifice to fire and the self-torturing austerities of the *Sanyasas*. The Doctor admits that pure Buddhism no longer exists in Western India; but the Jains, a sect evidently allied to the Buddhists, are numerous; and the Mahrattas themselves trace the origin, or restoration, of their religion to Sankara Acharya, who flourished about a thousand years ago; and whom they consider an *avatara* of Siva, raised up to destroy Buddhism. A curious instance of the influence of Buddhism upon Brahmanism is the transformation of the Buddhist devotees, Vithoba and Rokhami, into the Hindu gods; though, perhaps, not so extraordinary as the metamorphosis of Buddha himself into an *avatara* of Vishnu, sent down to propagate error that men should not go to heaven in such numbers as to incommode the gods! It appears that in order to render Vithoba and Rokhami more Brahmanical in their appearance, they are regularly clothed, and that cloth is annually purchased for the purpose. A singular lawsuit rose a few years ago from a circumstance connected with this practice, at a village near Poonah. At this place, the cast-off apparel of the gods became the perquisite of the family employed as dressers, and it was not unreasonably expected that the wear and tear of cloth would not be very great; but somehow it happened that the clothes were always so worn at the end of every year, that the gods were not fit to be seen in them. On

investigation, it appeared that the cunning image-dresser, to enhance the value of his office, had, on every occasion of a marriage or a festival, been so bold as to borrow the god's dress overnight, taking care always to restore it the next morning, early enough to obviate discovery. The practice was not denied; but the case was dismissed by the judge as not coming within his jurisdiction. Many Brahmans of the present day are hostile to the claims of Vithoba, and assert that his great temple at Pandharpur was originally a Jain temple bought from the Jains by a party of Brahmans, who still pay a quit-rent to the descendants of the original possessor. In the reign of Mahadeo Rao Peshwa, an attempt was made to induce the government to prohibit a worship not sanctioned by Veda or Purana, but the plan was defeated by Nana Farnavis, who was attached to the opposite party. Another reason for connecting the temple of Pandharpur with Buddhism, is the fact, that within its precincts all distinction of caste ceases. This is quite contrary to Brahmanism, but accords with Buddhism, and exists also in the temple of Jagannath, in Orissa, where Buddhism prevailed very extensively in ancient times, as appears from the still existing remains found there. The Doctor adduces other facts to shew that the Hindus are by no means so unchangeable in their religious practices as they are generally believed to be; among others, that many of them present offerings to Mahomedan *pirs*, and worship at Mahomedan tombs; and that he has himself seen at Poonah two or three hundred Hindus actively engaged in celebrating the Moslem festival of Hassan and Hussein. He concludes with the opinion that further researches into Hindu practices will shew that this supposed unalterable people have been constantly undergoing a change in their religious opinions, which has been unknown only because it has not been more diligently sought for. At the conclusion of the paper, Colonel Sykes remarked it was a singular coincidence, that he had himself, at this moment, a paper in the press which agreed with the opinion of Dr. Stevenson, as to the identity of Buddha and Jagannath; and that he had himself seen several figures exhibited as Sivas, which had originally been Buddhas, but altered in some of their more characteristic features by zealous Brahmans.

## CAMBRIDGE ANTIQUARIAN SOCIETY.

WEDNESDAY, November 25th.—A meeting of the Society was held this day at the Lodge of St. John's College, the Rev. Dr. Tatham, Master of St. John's College, and President of the Society, in the chair.—M. Guizot and Professor Von Huber of Marburg were elected honorary members, and several ordinary members were elected.—The new publication of the Society, being a Catalogue of Books given by the founder to Catherine Hall, edited by the Rev. Professor Corrie, handsomely printed in quarto at the University Press, was laid upon the table. The Secretary announced that another work, edited by the Rev. J. J. Smith, was nearly ready for publication.—Numerous presents were received; including two slings from Ireland; original deeds relating to the church and parish of Thaxted; several impressions of seals; and a copy of a curious painting of the fourteenth century.—The following communications were read before the Society:—1. 'Copies of Original Letters of Oliver Cromwell, from the Collection of Sir Thomas Phillips, Bart. M.A. F.R.S.' 2. 'An Essay on the Application of Heraldry to Illustrate the Public Buildings of the University,'

by Henry A. Woodham, Esq. B.A., fellow of Jesus College. 3. 'A Catalogue of the Library of Thomas Markaunt, Fellow of Corpus Christi College,' which was bequeathed by him to the library of that College in 1439, together with a list of the prices at which they were purchased, from the original register on vellum, preserved in the library of that College, with explanatory notes, by James Orchard Halliwell, Esq. F.R.S. &c. Secretary to the Society.

## LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Entomological, 8 P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.  
Tuesday.—Linnæan, 8 P.M.; Horticultural, 3 P.M.; Electrical, 8 P.M.; Architectural, 8 P.M.  
Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7½ P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.  
Thursday.—Royal, 8½ P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.  
Friday.—Botanical, 8 P.M.  
Saturday.—Astric, 2 P.M.; Westminster Medical, 8 P.M.; Mathematical, 8 P.M.

## FINE ARTS.

## NEW PUBLICATIONS.

*Historic Illustrations of the Bible, principally after the Old Masters.* 4to. pp. 30. 1840. London, Liverpool, and Paris: Fisher, Son, and Co.

THIS is the first division of a most beautiful work, and contains exquisitely engraved prints of "The Judgment of Solomon," after Rubens; "Christ and the Doctors," after Houbraken; "The Calling of Samuel," after Copley, the Royal Academician; "Moses Smiting the Rock," after Poussin; "The Conviction of Achan," after a drawing by Melville; "Christ Raising the Widow's Son to Life," after Van Overbeck; "Jacob Blessing Ephraim and Manasseh," after Franklin; "The Raising of Lazarus," after Rembrandt; "Hagar in the Desert," after Mola; "The Deluge," after Poussin; "Mordecai's Honour," after Melville; and the "Prodigal Son," after Spada;—in all, twelve engravings, which are accompanied with descriptions in English, French, and German. Such a work must command an extensive sale.

*Portrait of George Birkbeck, M.D. F.G.S.*

See p. 5c.

THIS "picture in little" (for such it is) is not ushered in with the sound of drum or trumpet, but with a display of varied penmanship and ornamental flourish, quite sufficient to satisfy us of the taste and talent of Mr. C. Bunning, who, we perceive, is the designer and engraver of both penmanship and portrait.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

## THE REMONSTRANCE OF THE PALETTE.

A Pictorial Sketch.

"And now the pencil, now the burin plies,  
As fresh excitements to the fancy rise."

As ardent votary of the painting tribe,  
Whom even interest could never bribe  
To hold his course upon the beaten track,  
But he would push his hobby, though a hack,  
Into each open field of pictured art,  
Just take a nibble, and then off would start,  
Would leap a fence, in search of sweet variety,  
And so on, till it ended in satiety.

Our Painter, then, would lay his Palette by,  
And on the copper's shining surface try  
A more extensive course of future fame  
Than from his pencil's practice ever came.  
In mid pursuit, a momentary pause  
His labour asks, when the short respite draws  
His vacant gaze to where his Palette hung,  
Which, in a fable way, had found a tongue;  
And in a suppliant tone it thus addressed:  
Its fickle master, as its suit it press'd:—

"None better than yourself can tell  
How much neglect can hope annoy,  
Can every generous impulse quell,  
And, like the mildew's blight, destroy."

Time was, my surface smooth and fair,  
Pour'd its enchantments on the sight,  
Where tints and colours ranged with care  
Could wing imagination's flight.

Scarce giving time to pause and choose,  
E'er tracing on the canvass clear  
Some subject from the painting muse;—  
So strong and ardent the career.

But now the copper, shining bright,  
An igni fatuus lustre sheds;  
Marks a few moments with delight,  
And all its false allurements spreads.

And though repeated proofs declare  
How much of labour's spent in vain,  
Another trial speaks you fair,  
And tempts you to the task again.

Another, and another yet,  
And still the never-ending score  
(E'en though you scold, and fume, and fret,  
Still craves a little—little more.

But, ah! remember life is brief,  
And age will dim the keenest eye;  
Then seek in change at least relief,  
And once again my colours try."

Whether the artist took the hint  
Has not, as yet, appear'd in print.

R. D.

### THE DRAMA.

*The Prince's Theatre* opened on Thursday evening with an opera called *Fridolin*, composed by Mr. F. Romer, and the words by Mr. M. Lemon. Several ballads, sung by Miss Romer, H. Phillips, and Frazer, were successful; and the concluding music partially redeemed the want of interest in what preceded. A farce, entitled *The Serjeant's Wife*, was absurd enough to provoke the opposite noises of hissing and laughter.

*Adelphi*.—In noticing the performances at the *Adelphi*, we neglected to mention the exceedingly clever imitations of Mr. Nightingale. There is no effort or stage-trick about them, but they are very curious and effective. Macready, C. Kemble, Harley, C. Kean, and Keeley, spoke and walked before us, with a happy seizure of their peculiarities in voice and action; and, as we have said, without any adventitious assistance from dress or machinery.

*Haymarket*.—A heavy domestic calamity has, we are very sorry to say, befallen Mr. Macready, in the sudden death of a very promising child. Sir Edward Bulwer's comedy is, of course, postponed.

*The Olympic* finished its ante-Christmas season last night: the whole performances having reflected credit on the enterprise and skill of the management; so that the opening anew may be looked for with interest.

### VARIETIES.

*Oxford Society for Promoting the Study of Gothic Architecture*.—At the last meeting many distinguished members were admitted, and many presents received, including an impression of a curious brass in Appleton Church, Berks, representing a skeleton in a shroud, with a singular inscription of the date 1618: presented by Mr. Derick. A paper was read by Mr. M. H. Estcourt, of Exeter College, 'On Ensham Church, Oxfordshire,' illustrated by several sketches and sections of the piers and mouldings. The form of the piers is very unusual, but it occurs also in Campden Church, Gloucestershire, and some others, and appears to belong to the early part of the fifteenth century, or end of the fourteenth. The chancel is of the early decorated style, and the side windows have good geometrical tracery, a drawing and section of one of which were shewn. It is the end of the thirteenth or beginning of the fourteenth century; but the east window has passed under the hands of the churchwardens, and suffered the usual mutilations. The altar-screen is detestable, and the pulpit

perfectly ludicrous—striding across the aisle formed by the pews, and occupying the position formerly assigned to the holy rood, or crucifix. There are some very good old open seats, with ornamented ends. The tower and the rest of the church are of the fifteenth century,—good early perpendicular work. There is an interesting cross near this church, but scarcely any vestiges of the once large and celebrated abbey now remain.

*The Stormy Petrel*.—On Wednesday, the 18th instant, about noon, a stormy petrel, or, as it is frequently called, Mother Cary's chicken, was taken up in a state of exhaustion by the gamekeeper of J. F. Ledsam, Esq., in a field of the Park Farm at Northfield, four miles from Birmingham, whither it had been driven by the storm which prevailed from noon on Monday until nearly six o'clock on Tuesday morning, from the south-west. The pressure of the gale, as indicated by Osler's anemometer at the Birmingham Philosophical Institution, amounted at one time to thirty-three pounds on the square foot. This bird, the *Procellaria pelagica*, is rarely seen even on our shores, much more seldom so far inland. It breeds in some of the northern islands in June and July, and keeps at all other times far out at sea, being met with in every part of the Atlantic Ocean, especially on the approach of stormy weather.

The newspapers mention that another stormy petrel was picked up on Bagshot Heath, during one of the late hurricanes, by Lord William Beresford.

*Fossil Remains*.—"The Manchester Guardian" states that some remarkable fossil remains, apparently of "an antediluvian forest," have been discovered at Dixon Fold, on the Bolton Railway. They have been visited by many persons, and, among others, by the intelligent Professor Agassiz; and casts of the trees are being taken in plaster of Paris, thence to make models for the Manchester Museum.

*Clocks*.—Both St. Martin's and St. James's clocks stopped on Thursday; "Master Humphrey's" continued to go caputally; so that people did not come altogether to a stupid standstill.

*Anecdotes of the Pope*.—"His manner of living is that of a private gentleman of small fortune. It is said, that when he was made Pope, his *maître d'hôtel* came to ask him in what manner he wished his table to be served—'Do you think,' answered the Pope, 'that my stomach has changed?' One of his relatives, who was about to marry her daughter, wished to come to Rome to have the ceremony performed by his holiness. 'She has her parish priest; that is enough,' was the Pope's reply.—*Baron Géramb*.

*Westminster Election*.—"I pity Charles Fox to be kept on the Westminster gridiron. Before I came out of town, I was diverted by a story from the hustings: one of the mob called to Fox, 'Well, Charley, are you not sick of your coalition?' 'Poor gentleman!' cried an old woman in the crowd, 'why should he not like a coalition?'—*Horace Walpole's Letters*.

*Marie Antoinette*.—"She went with the king to see the manufacture of glass, and as they passed the Halles, the poissards huzzied them: 'Upon my word,' said the queen, 'these folks are civiler when you visit them, than when they visit you.' This marked both spirit and good humour. For my part, I am so shocked at French barbarity, that I begin to think that our hatred of them is not national prejudice, but natural instinct; as tame animals are born with an antipathy to beasts of prey."—*Ibid*.

*Gambling*.—"Pray, delight in the following

story: Caroline Vernon, *fille d'honneur*, lost 't'other night two hundred pounds at faro, and bade Martindale mark it up. He said he had rather have a draft on her banker. 'Oh! willingly,' and she gave him one. Next morning he hurried to Drummold's, lest all her money should be drawn out. 'Sir,' said the clerk, 'would you receive the contents immediately?' 'Assuredly.' 'Why, sir, have you read the note?' Martindale took it; it was, 'Pay to the bearer two hundred blows, well applied.' The nymph tells the story herself; and yet I think the clerk had the more humour of the two."—*Ibid*.

### LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

A Signal Book for the Use of the Mercantile Marine, arranged by an Officer of the Royal Navy.

### LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sporting Scenes and Country Characters, by Martindale, with numerous illustrations on wood, 8vo. 21s. bound.—Thomas Moore's Poetical Works, Vol. II. fcap. 5s.—Hoson's Principles of Arithmetic, second edition, 12mo. 4s.—History and Antiquities of Leath Ward, Cumberland, by S. Jefferson, 8vo. 12s.—Dr. T. Chalmers's Lectures on the Romans, Vol. III. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Essays and Heads of Lectures, by the late Alexander Monro, M.D. 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Forms of Bidding Prayer, with Introduction and Notes, 18mo. 3s. 6d.—The Three Poets, by Lady Stepeny, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Legendary Tales of the Highlands: a Sequel to "Highland Rambles," by Sir T. D. Lauder, 3 vols. post 8vo. 31s. 6d.—Hay's Illustrations of Cairo (Thirty Plates), imperial folio, 4s. 4s.—Robin Hood and his Merry Foresters, by S. Percy, fcap. 12mo. 5s. plain; 6s. 6d. coloured.—The Hour and the Man, a Historical Romance, by H. Martineau, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—Fugitive Verses, by Joanna Baillie, fcap. 5s.—A Journey from La Trappe to Rome, by the Rev. Father Baron Géramb, post 8vo. 6s.—Jones's Biblical Cyclopædia, new edition, 8vo. 16s.—Mease, on the Law and Practice of Elections in Ireland, 12mo. 21s.—Yorkshire Calendar and Pocket-Book for 1841, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—3s. cloth.—Woman's Rights and Duties, by a Woman, 2 vols. 14s.—Snodgrass's Miscellaneous Works, 1 vol. medium 8vo. 16s.—The Book of Health, 2d edition, 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Analysis of Language, by T. Noon, fcap. 11s. 6d.—Dr. G. Konhst's German Grammar, 12mo. 3s. 6d.—Lectures on the Headship of Christ, by Scotch Ministers, 12mo. 3s.—Hind's Introduction to the Elements of Algebra, 12mo. 5s.—W. Lawrence on the Diseases of the Eye, 2d edition, 8vo. 24s.—Memoir of the Rev. J. G. Brey of Birmingham, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Macgillivray's Manual of British Ornithology, Part I. Land Birds, fcap. 4s. 6d.—Chambers's People's Editions: Miscellaneous, 7 vols. 8vo. 14s. each.—Nyen's Cricketer's Guide, 2d edition, 18mo. 2s.—Chambers's Educational Course: Infant Treatment, 1s. 3d. cloth.—Memorials of the Rebellion of 1569, 8vo. 21s.—Poems by Vincent Bourne, new edition, with Memoir by the Rev. J. Milford, fcap. 5s.—Rhyme, Romance, and Hevery, by J. B. Rogerson, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—Life and Character of Edmund Geste, Bishop of Salisbury, by H. G. Dugdale, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The New Testament, Revised from the Text of Griesbach, by a Layman, post 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Lost Angel, and the History of the Old Adamite, by T. Hawkins, post 4to. 6s.—Guide to the Study of Heraldry, by J. A. Montagu, 4to. 10s.—Dance of the South; or, the Olden Time: a Drama, by Mrs. Gore, 8vo. 4s. 6d.—The Genius of Shelley, with a Sketch of his Life, royal 32mo. 3s.—Rev. J. E. Tyler on Primitive Worship, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Life and Pontificate of Gregory the Seventh, by J. W. Bowden, 2 vols. 8vo. 21s.—The Romance of Jewish History, by the Muses Men, 3 vols. post 8vo. 11s. 6d.—The Adler in Italy, by the Countess of Blessington, Vol. III., 8vo. 15s.—Rev. F. Close's Book of Genesis, 6th edition, 12mo. 6s.—How to Buy a Horse, fcap. 6s.—Bacchus and the Tree-Totallen, by Ruffinasticus Bibulus, post 4to. 6s.

### METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1840.

November.	Thermometer.	Barometer.
Thursday .. 19	From 32 to 44	29.68 to 29.65
Friday .. 20	32 .. 44	29.65 .. 29.60
Saturday .. 21	34 .. 44	29.50 .. 29.26
Sunday .. 22	35 .. 41	29.68 .. 29.94
Monday .. 23	30 .. 47	29.97 .. 29.94
Tuesday .. 24	30 .. 55	30.01 .. 30.19
Wednesday 25	27 .. 45	30.23 .. 30.53

Wind, north on the 19th and following day; south-west on the 21st; north-west on the 22d; on the 23d, south-west in the morning, and west in the afternoon; north-east on the 24th and following day.

On the 19th, morning cloudy, with rain, otherwise clear; the 20th, clear; the 21st, generally cloudy, with frequent showers of rain; the 22d, clear; the 23d, generally overcast, rain in the morning; the 24th, and following day, generally clear.

Rain fallen, 94 of an inch.

Edmonton,

CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.



## ADVERTISEMENTS.

Connected with Literature and the Arts.

BRITISH INSTITUTION,  
PALL MALL.

## NOTICE TO EXHIBITORS.

All Pictures and Works of Art intended for Exhibition and Sale must be sent to the Gallery on Monday, the 11th, and Tuesday, the 12th of January next, between the Hours of Ten in the Morning and Five in the Evening, after which time no Picture or other Work of Art will be received.

Portraits and Drawings in Water Colours are inadmissible. No Picture will be received for Sale that is not sent *vide* the Property of the Artist.

N.B. The Directors take this opportunity of announcing their intention of giving, next year, Four Prizes of Fifty Guineas each, to Pictures which have never been exhibited to the Public before their admission to the British Institution; it being understood that no Artist will be entitled to more than one Prize.

WILLIAM BARNARD, Keeper.

**INFANT TEACHING.**—The Committee of the Home and Colonial Infant School Society, with the assistance of the Rev. Dr. and Miss Mayo, have published a variety of Books, Lessons, and Prints, &c. for Nurseries and Infant Schools, which will be found truly valuable for Mothers, Teachers, &c. They may be had at the Depot, opposite the Model Infant School, Gray's Inn Road, King's Cross; and a List of Prices will be sent by post, on application. The Committee solicit Pecuniary Aid, Donations and Subscriptions will be received at the Institution; by Messrs. Williams, Deacon, and Co., John Bridges, Esq. Treasurer, 23 Red Lion Square; and at Messrs. Nisbet's, Berners Street.

Teachers are received and supplied.

Now ready, dedicated, by permission, to H. R. H. Prince Albert, folio, 25s.

**A SERIES OF PICTURESQUE VIEWS**  
on the RIVER NIGER, sketched on the Spot,  
By Commander WILLIAM ALLEN, R.N.  
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

## BOOKS IN THE PRESS.

On the 20th instant will be published, price 6s.  
**THE DUBLIN REVIEW, NO. XXIII.**

Contents:—

1. Economy of the Atmosphere.
  2. Shakespear.
  3. The Brothers of the Christian Schools.
  4. Modern French Romance.
  5. Arbitrary Power—Popery—Protestantism.
  6. The Circassians.
  7. The Faust: its Sacred Poetry.
  8. Foreign Affairs.
  9. Christian Emigration found at Antun.
- Miscellaneous French and German Literature.  
London: Published by C. Dolman, 61 New Bond Street;  
J. Cumming, Dublin.

SIR E. L. BULWER'S NEW PLAY.

On Monday next.

**MONEY;** a Comedy, as performed at the  
Theatre Royal Haymarket.  
By the Author of "Richelieu," "The Lady of Lyons," &c.  
Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.

On Monday, Nov. 30, will be published,  
**MR. and MRS. HALL'S IRELAND,**  
Part II. with Nineteen Engravings, price 2s. 6d.

And,

**The Florist's Journal** for December, with  
Two coloured Plates, price 1s.  
How and Parsons, 132 Fleet Street.

**SWAINSON AND SHUCKARD ON INSECTS.**  
On Monday, December 14th, in 4s. 6s. with Vignette Title  
and numerous Woodcuts, price 6s. cloth, lettered,  
**THE HISTORY and NATURAL**  
**ARRANGEMENT OF INSECTS.**

By WILLIAM SWAINSON, Esq. and  
W. E. SHUCKARD, Esq.  
Being Vol. 129 of "The Cabinet Cyclopædia."  
London: Longman, Orme, and Co.; and John Taylor.

**MR. TEGG** has just ready for publication  
the following New Works and New Editions:—

1. A Course of Mathematics, composed for the Royal Military Academy, by Charles Hutton, LL.D. F.R.S. A new and carefully corrected edition, entirely remodelled and adapted to the Course of Instruction now pursued in the Royal Military Academy, by William Rutherford, F.R.S. Royal Military Academy, Woolwich. Price 16s. bound in cloth.
2. Recreations in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. Translated from Montucla's edition of Ozanam, by Charles Hutton, LL.D. F.R.S. &c. A new and revised edition, with numerous Additions, and illustrated with Four Hundred Cuts. By Edward Riddle, Master of the Mathematical School, Royal Hospital, Greenwich. Price 16s. bound in cloth.
3. A General Dictionary of Painters, containing Memoirs of the Lives and Works of the most eminent Professors of the Art of Painting, from its revival by Cimabue, in 1250, to the Present Time. By Matthew Pilkington, A.M. A new edition, corrected and revised, with an Introduction, Historical and Critical, and Twenty-Six new Lives of Artists of the British School, by Allan Cunningham. Price 6s. bound in cloth.
4. The Works of James Harris, Esq. with an Account of his Life and Character. By his Son, the Earl of Malmesbury. Now first collected. 8vo. price 10s. 6d. cloth. London: Printed for Thomas Tegg, No. 75 Chesapeake.

## ILLUSTRATED BRITISH CLASSICS.

On the 30th instant will be published, price 1s.  
**TUDOR LIBRARY;** forming Part V. of  
"The Spectator," which will be completed in Twenty Numbers.

Mr. Louis Schenberg's invention of Acrography, from the drawings of Mayney Wright, is now first introduced to the Public in the Embellishment of this Standard Edition of British Classics, and is at once novel and effective, and only requires to be seen to be duly appreciated.

London: Kitchingham Wilson, 18 Bishopgate within (by whom the Work will be published in future); and sold by all Book-sellers.

On the 1st of December, uniform with "The History of British Birds and British Fishes," by Mr. Yarrell, and "The British Quadrupeds and British Reptiles," by Mr. Bell, Part III. price 2s. 6d. containing Twenty Illustrations, of a  
**HISTORY OF BRITISH STAR-FISHES,**  
and other Animals of the Class Echinodermata.  
By EDWARD FORBES, M.V.S. For. Sec. R.S. &c.  
This Volume will be completed in Five Parts, and will contain, besides the History, a Figure of each Species, and numerous Pictorial or Anatomical Plates. A few Copies will also be printed on royal 8vo. price 5s. each Part.

John Van Voorst, 1 Paternoster Row.

In December will be published, in 1 handsome 8vo. vol.  
**P O E M S.**  
By the late LADY FLORA HASTINGS.  
William Blackwood and Sons, Edinburgh.  
Orders received by all Booksellers.

The New Number of  
**THE METROPOLITAN**  
for December will contain, among others, the following Original Articles:—

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1. Leaves from Memory's Log: By the Author of "Nelsonian Reminiscences."                         | 7. Recollections of a Student—Isendoff.  |
| 2. Two Eras of Winchester. By Major Calder Campbell.   | 8. Sayings and Doings in the University of Oxford.   |
| 3. A Turk's Revenge.   | 9. Memoirs of an Italian Exile, No. IV.  |
| 4. A Brighter World. By Mrs. Abby.   | 10. Does He ever think of Me? 11. Lord Killikelly. By Abbott Lee.                                      |
| 5. History of the Jews, from the Taking of Jerusalem to the Reign of Constantine. By M. Capelle. | 12. Adventures of a Gentleman in Search of an Enterpriser. By the Author of "The Corsair's Bride," &c. |
| 6. Songs of Spain. By Miss H. B. Macdonald.  |  |

Reviews, Notices of New Books, Works in Progress, &c. Saunders and Otley, Publishers, Conduit Street.  
Agents: for Ireland, J. Cumming, Dublin; for Scotland, Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh.

## BOOKS PUBLISHED THIS DAY.

12th edition, price 6s.; 8th, 11s. of  
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